

*The* WORTH RECORD





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The

# WORTH RECORD

VOL. VI No. 6

SUMMER TERM

## FROM THE HEADMASTER

The President of the United States of America sometimes sits down before the microphone and speaks to the people of America about the state of the country; this is often called a fireside chat. Let us now, on this summer day, sit down and consider the state of Worth from the point of view of the Headmaster of the School. When a lot of people come and live together in one place it is because they have some particular thing that they want to do. Here at Worth we want to bring you all up as staunch Catholics, regular at the Sacraments and full of charity for your fellow-beings together with a great desire for the "success" not only of yourself but of others. This is the most important thing that we are here to do. However, there is something else and that is to work towards Public School Entrance through a system which demands that we be hard working and do our best at work and at games. In our work we strengthen our minds and in games our bodies. Therefore, we have a School Staff consisting of people of every kind trying to get the best out of you in every way that they can.

There are two kinds of Schools in this country. The first one is the School run by the County or the Big City and the Local Education Authority, as it is called, is concerned mostly, or almost entirely, with Day Schools. Nowadays there is no difficulty for a clever boy in going forward through his first stages at the Infant School to the Grammar School until he gets to one of the Universities. Everything will be paid for. However, the other kind of School is the Independent School which has little or nothing to do with the Local Education Authority. It is the great desire of your parents that you be trained in a Catholic School in a certain way and many of them make sacrifices so that you may have the best of everything for soul and body. If you were in a School which is run by the Education Authority you would have to pass an Examination at the age of eleven which would decide your future, whether you are to go on to a full education in the Classics or Higher Mathematics, Languages or History; or whether, if you are not good enough for that, you should go to a School which you would leave at the age of fifteen or sixteen. Nothing that you could do, or your parents could do, would make any difference whatever to the decision made between the ages of 11 and 15. In fact the usual percentage of boys and girls going on to the Higher Education and the Universities is only a little over 20. This means that 80 out of every 100 boys and girls in these Schools will



have to go to places where they will not be able to get to the Universities without very great difficulty.

You should, therefore, thank God that you are put in the way which leads to the Public Schools; and in order to get there you will have to pass an Examination when you are something over 13 years of age in which many more subjects will be asked for than are usually asked of children who are less fortunate than yourselves. You must learn to feel that you owe a great duty to your parents to do your utmost to take advantage of what they have given you and to get as far as you can in this kind of School life. If you are a boy in an A Form you may be able to help them by gaining a Scholarship to a Public School. If you are in a B Form you may still get through the Entrance Examination to the Public Schools with good marks. If you are in a C Form you can still do it if you work hard, but you may not be very good at one subject or another, and therefore not able to be good at everything.

When I go and visit Form 6 and see the youngest boys soon after they arrive at School still struggling with their reading books, I am often tempted to be amazed at the difference between them and boys in Form 1 who are really well advanced in Latin and Greek and Mathematics, to say nothing of being really quite good at French and having a real grasp of History of their country and the British Commonwealth and of the surface of the world and its occupations and its races. The four or five years that you spend here bring about an enormous change in you. For us it is quite fascinating to see how you go. At Downside School at the present time 40 out of every 100 boys are Worth boys. May it always be a high figure like that! Going through the lists the other day of boys who had left here and gone on to their Public Schools five years ago I found that only one had failed to get through the necessary examinations at the age of 16 and left Downside without them. Just as you have to pass an Entrance Examination or get a Scholarship to get into a Public School, so you have to pass Examinations at Downside and win Certificates, either at what they call the Ordinary Level or, if you are clever, at the Advanced Level. A very great deal depends on how many Certificates you can get at this Advanced Level. You may wonder why I am writing this time about Education. I am doing so because there are a great many among you who read this letter who will understand better what you are at School for. The Latin word 'educio' means 'I bring out' and we are here to bring out the best that is in you.

It is a far cry back to 1607, 350 years ago, when St Gregory's was founded. Right back in about 1618 there were boys being educated by the Monks who moved later to Downside. They were then at Douai in France. What would they have thought of the two big Schools, Downside School with its 480 boys in Somerset and Worth with its 250 smaller boys here in Sussex? Life was very dull for those boys. They had nothing really to interest them except their work and their games were very simple, and we should say boring. I rather think that marbles were about the height of their ambition.

But there is one other thing that goes strongly now, and that is games. Here we play Rugby Football and Hockey and Cricket. We learn, some of us who have a good eye for a ball, to play Tennis and Squash Rackets. When the weather keeps us indoors we have the opportunity to learn to play Billiards or Chess or even Bridge. In all these things we try hard to excel. We are doing the best we can with our bodies, just as in our work we should always try to do the best we can with those brains that God has given us. However, not every boy is going to be good at games. Perhaps God did not make him that way. A boy who is good at games will have undoubted success for many years until he comes to middle-age. But it is then when our limbs are stiffer that the other things which we have learned at School begin to occupy our minds. If we have learned to interest ourselves in many things outside our ordinary School work we shall, when we can no longer actively play games, be able to interest ourselves in much else. There is nothing more tragic than to see a man retire from business and find himself without any interest at all except reading the newspaper. It is then that he begins to regret not having made the best of his School life.

We cannot all be first rate in our work, or first rate in our games. Some of us may have ability in one and some in the other, but very few are able to do both well. "Success," however, is a thing that is not so important. You might think from the newspaper that put in advertisements about success in the world that this is the one thing worth reaching. It certainly is not. The one thing worth having is that you can say when you come to the end of your life that in everything you have done, however little success you had, you always did your best. I admire skill at Cricket and at all other kinds of sport: I admire the boy who has hardly need to learn because it all comes so easily: but the one I admire most is the one who had not got the great gifts and is always doing his best. The trier is the person who really deserves the prize. After all why should you have a prize for what God gave you? If He gave it to you then you do not need to be commended. However, we do like giving prizes to those who had shown that they were above all always trying hard to do well, even if they do not manage to show more than a moderate amount of success!

Those of you who are going on to your Public Schools at the end of this term remember to reach out, even beyond your strength, to the highest point you can get to. You must have ideals. Ideals are rather like the pull of the moon on the sea which makes the tides rise. The more force exerted the higher the tide will rise, and the higher the tide rises the more you will want it to rise. For those of us staying here for another year, or two, or three, or four, please remember that it is the trier whom we admire most, and I think all other members of this Community and all Masters and Mistresses on the Staff will say the same. Try and look at it from that point of view. When I wish you success I wish you 'good trying.'

With all good wishes to Worth boys at home and abroad.

MAURICE BELL.

## STUFFED LIMERICK

by R. H. S. DILLEY\*

There was an old sailor of Lee  
who built a small house in a tree —  
He built it of wood, but try as he could  
He always would make some sort of mistake.  
So he said to his wife, 'what's the use of life?'  
But she always did say, 'Patience, patience will pay?'  
So he started again, but he tried all in vain.  
For always he'd make the same old mistake —  
Without any floor  
Nor no big enough door  
For his friends to come in by for tea.

## THE OLD MANOR

by R. BRECH\*

The old deserted manor looked forbidding in the evening sun. Dirty, cracked windows stood out from the grey walls on all sides. The garden was in a very bad state, but one or two early flowers peeped out from a mass of weeds and rubbish. The front gate was hanging by one hinge and badly needed painting. It had been white but now it was all chipped and grey.

The inside of the house was in the same state. Dust lay thickly on the floor and cobwebs hung from the walls and ceilings. Soot lay in the fire-places and in the chimneys many birds had built their nests. The front door was nearly off and the name 'Five Oaks' was barely visible.

The manor was outside the village of Brasted about ten minutes walk from the station and shops. It stood on its own by a small green where many children played happily. A dirty notice saying: 'For Sale' had been there for a very long time and it was leaning heavily on the battered fence that surrounded the house.

A lawn that had once been nice and short stood out from the flower beds with very long grass all tangled together and a small pond with water lilies in it was now full of grass and weeds and almost dried up.

I looked at this deserted place from the green and I thought how awful it would be to live there. I then turned and ran back to my house at Brasted.

\*ROBERT DILLEY, born 23 April, 1946; entered Worth, May, 1956.

\*ROBERT BRECH, born 14 September, 1946; entered Worth, January, 1957.

## BISHOPS WOOD MARKET

by M. P. K. BRUNING\*

A coarse-looking fat woman makes her way across the street to Bishops Wood Market. Coming to the first stall she digs her nail into a tomato to see if it is ripe, but is shouted at rudely by the burly owner. Grumblingly she moves on and is soon lost among the teeming mass of market shoppers. Stall-owners are yelling out their particular bargains to attract the crowds, others are mopping their brows with gaudy handkerchiefs; the cobbled paths are covered with crushed tomatoes, bananas and other fruit. The sun gleams down on the glistening fruit, on the bald heads of old men and on the straw hats of young women.

The crowd thins out as it grows nearer lunch time and the bus stops and cafes are crowded with sweating, hungry shoppers. Stall-tenders begin to count their morning's profit or eat thick cheese sandwiches. The livestock grunt and fidget in their pens waiting to be fed. Lorries stream in with fresh goods, and the place becomes littered with wrappings, broken cartons and rotten fruit.

The crowd thickens and the stall-keepers prepare for the afternoon selling and their coarse, hoarse voices begin again, to shout out their fixed slogans. The heat is stupifying and a small ice-cream van is doing a roaring trade. Squealing pigs and silly sheep are put into vans as they are bought and the stalls gradually empty.

At five o'clock the siren goes and the lorries come once again to collect the unused goods. It has been tiring for the stall owners and they throw the boxes wearily on to the lorries. Soon the market-square is empty. A slight breeze blows up litter as a tramp picks his way around the stalls, hoping for some snack among the dropped fruit.

## THE BRAVE COLONEL

C. D. D. HIGGINS\*

'Forward! Forward! my men,  
Whilst the flag is still flying.  
I hope we will win again,'  
Said the brave Colonel, sighing.

The cannon boomed out,  
The Colonel could see  
His men give a shout,  
The shout of 'Victory.'

'We have fought and won,  
For many a day.  
My men, do not run,  
Keep the enemy at bay.'

Old soldiers back home,  
Tell the great story  
Of the brave Colonel, dying  
For his country and glory.

\*PETER BRUNING, born 16 February, 1944; entered Worth, September, 1951; 1st XV Rugger; acted in *Aladdin*, *The More the Merrier*, *Stations in Mime* 1957; Captain of Gold League; School Prefect; Sacristy; left Worth, July, 1957.

\*CHRISTOPHER HIGGINS, born 26 September, 1946; entered Worth, September, 1955.



## FEAST OF LANTERNS

by M. F. THOMAS\*

The sea is ebbing: the tide is turning. The waves are retreating across a stretch of eight miles of rolling sand-dunes. To left and right there is sand, all around a great barren desert — of sand. But afar off to the right there is a speck, a mere blot on the landscape, of what we are yet to see. There has been a storm along this coast, for it is littered with spars and planks and more besides. Somewhere in the deep lie ships, but where, only the sea knows, but the sea will never tell.

Imagine yourself walking along this shore. You would have to walk for many miles before you came to that minute speck I have mentioned. But as you neared it you would see that it was a town, not very large, but large enough. In its harbour there are many schooners, ships that hunt the seas for pearls. This is Broome, Western Australia, the main Australian pearling port.

If you arrived on the right day when the sun had set and the dark cloak of night was falling, you would see many people gathered along the fore-shore. They are Japanese pearl divers and deck hands. For today is the Japanese Feast of the Lanterns, the day when each man puts his lantern out to sea; if it sinks then the coming year will be bad, but if it floats then what lies ahead is good.

They light the lanterns and slowly launch them out to sea. As they advance into the darkness they rise and sink with the motion of the waves. First they ride the waves like horses and then dip as the breakers roll away only to be swept up again by another and whisked seaward. A few disappear beneath the waves never to be seen again; this brings a sense of foreboding to many hearts, as the coming year will bring bad luck. Soon the sparkled sea is black once more for the lights have retreated into the night, and for another year, the Feast of the Lanterns is over.

## RED IN TOOTH AND CLAW

by S. M. P. BARRERE\*

My mother bought two cats, two birds and a tortoise.  
The tortoise had its eyes pecked out by the birds,  
The birds were eaten by the cats,  
And the cats ran wild in the bushes,  
So nothing is left.

\*MICHAEL THOMAS, born 29 October, 1944; entered Worth, Summer, 1954; Under 12 Hockey, Cricket and Rugger Teams; 1st XV Rugger; 1st XI Cricket; Choir.

\*SIMON BARRERE, born 29 January, 1946; entered Worth, September, 1954, under 11 Rugger XV; under 12 Cricket XI; Riding Team.

## IMPRESSIONS OF SWITZERLAND

by W. R. J. B. CROSS\*

'Splutter, cough,' and suddenly the propellers started up. We were in a 'Silver City Car Ferry' plane bound for Cherbourg. The flight took half an hour and so we landed at Cherbourg at 11 o'clock (English time). We were through the customs by 12.15 (French time. All times will be French times from now on).

We spent two days in France and so on the third day we drove into Switzerland. We drove towards Lausanne, 35kms. from the border. We arrived at about 3.45 p.m. and went straight to Thomas Cook and Sons to get information about hotels. We at last chose the Hotel des Etrangers. It was a comfortable hotel just off the main square, La Place de Francois.

Now about Lausanne itself: it is situated at the foot of a hill on Lake Geneva. When you look straight across the lake you will see France. Lausanne is not actually at the water's edge, but a place called Ouchy is. Ouchy is joined to Lausanne so that you might think it all one place. Ouchy has all the pleasure steamers so that Ouchy and Lauzanne are very crowded.

Unluckily we had bad weather during our stay there. We stayed two nights and a day, and went to Montreux and Vevey which are also on the lakeside. On 13th April we moved on to Chateau d'Oex. In order to get there we had to cross the Col de Mosses which is three and a half thousand metres high. We arrived at Chateau d'Oex at 3 o'clock and found a newish chalet to stay at. We went climbing that afternoon but we could not do so next morning and afternoon as proposed because it snowed all the time, so we just drove around in the car.

Chateau d'Oex is situated in the middle of a large valley. Clouds sweep down both sides so that the valley gets a lot of snow. Interlaken (in the German-speaking part of Switzerland) was our next stop. It is situated near Lake Thun. We stayed two nights here, so on the day in between we went up to Shiedegge. This is situated half-way up the Jungfrau. We got thoroughly sunburnt up there and we all got eyeache from the glare of the sun on the snow. We watched the ski-ing and had lunch up there and then came down by the geared railway.

From there we went to Beckenried, which is on the edge of Lake Lucerne, just for one night. We spent Easter at Lucerne. We arrived on the 18th and stayed until 23rd April. We stayed at the Winkneid Hotel in Winkneidstrasse. The next day we went to Inseldelne, a town with a very large church belonging to a large Benedictine Abbey. The Church is very richly decorated with gilt and gold leaf.

Next day we had a look round Lucerne, and as it was wet, we went to indoor places. The Glacier Garden is a most interesting place for it has

\*JASON CROSS, born 15 November, 1945; entered Worth, September, 1953; under 11 Rugger XV.

ten glacier mills and it shows that Switzerland was once under water for there is a great chunk of fossilised shells there. Next day being Easter Sunday we went to Lucerne Cathedral, where they had an orchestra as well as an organ. One of the priests preached a sermon (in German) which sounded a scorcher to us who knew hardly a word of German.

The Cathedral itself is very large, seating many people. Above the doorway is a balcony, supported by three spindle-like pillars, for the organ and the orchestra. The pulpit is lavishly decorated with gilt. There were many more people (it being Easter Sunday) and the appearance of the city officials left not an awful lot of room.

Straight after High Mass we went to Burgenstock by car. The face of this mountain (1,010 feet) is so sheer that my father could throw a stone so that it landed just at the edge of the lake below.

On Monday we decided to go to the top of Pilatus (7,000 feet). It took us about an hour to get up there in two different chair lifts, one seating six, the other forty people. There was not a lot to do up there except to climb to the very top, and, having done this, we came down again and had lunch. During the afternoon we played at the lake edge and went for a trip on the lake.

Next day we said goodbye to Switzerland, two hours after leaving Lucerne. This was my first trip abroad and a great success it was. The hotels were clean and tidy with hot and cold running water. The Swiss organise everything very well. One bath costs three shillings so we did not have one in those three weeks.

The day we were going back to England was stormy and wet, so that the plane was an hour and a half late. But soon came the noise of the propellers as we left the continent after a most successful holiday.

## STORM

by R. J. RIMMER\*

Over the bay the boats are riding  
High on the turbulent waters.  
The sea is now far from subsiding  
As only a practised eye can tell.

Out to sea a light is shining  
To warn shipping that breakers are near,  
While at home children are crying  
And fishermen on the cliff are anxious still.

Many an hour will soon have passed  
Before the fishermen can have a look  
To see what boats have been made fast  
And to see which are forever beneath the waves.

\*RICHARD RIMMER, born 14 August, 1944; entered Worth, September, 1952; 1st XV Rugger; 1st XI Cricket; Hockey XI; Gym and Boxing Teams.

## SALISBURY

by R. T. CARR\*

During my stay in Southern Rhodesia I visited Salisbury twice: once to see some horse racing and another time to see the fourth agricultural show. The most enjoyable time was when we went to the racing. We had to get up early for it took a good two hours to get to Salisbury. My uncle, my grandmother, my cousin and myself were ready by eight o'clock. The journey was new to me and I enjoyed looking out at the scenery. Once on the main road we went considerably faster. We arrived at Salisbury at about ten thirty. We spent about ten minutes trying to park our car. Then my uncle went off on business while we went shopping. My grandmother bought me a new sunhat. We looked round the shops till twelve o'clock when we went to Meikles Hotel for sandwiches before driving to the race course. The race course was just outside the town in pleasant surroundings. We saw all the races but one as it was getting late. I had not backed a winner but my cousin had backed three.

It was getting dark when we turned off the main road. We were very tired, and my cousin and I were trying to sleep in the back. Suddenly we braked hard to avoid a buck which had leapt into the road. In vain we braked, the buck hit us with a crash and tried to make off, only to flop down a few yards further on. The buck had done a lot of damage to the car. It had bent the front of the car right in. My uncle examined the buck. It was badly injured and would not live. My uncle got a spanner and killed it while we turned our heads away. It was a large buck for its age and weighed a good twelve hundredweight.

Later on we saw in the road a water-tank which my uncle rolled away. Just as we reached the grid we saw a wicked glare. We turned our lights towards it, to see a lion bounding away. When we reached the farm we had supper and went to bed very tired.

## THE PORT AT NIGHT

by P. J. VANDER\*

The stars shine in the black heavens above,  
While down in the port below  
I hear the anchored barges shove  
Against the lapping tide.  
The bell-buoy is ringing loud  
While the nightships are on the move,  
The fishing boats have lost the crowd  
And are housed safely for the morrow  
While all alone far out at sea  
That ghostly lighthouse gleams.

\*RICHARD CARR, born 14 April, 1945; entered Worth, September, 1953; under 12 Rugger XV; Choir.

\*PAUL VANDER, born 24 May, 1944; entered Worth, September, 1952; 1st XI Cricket; 1st XV Rugger; Hockey XI; acted in *Stations in Mime*; Choir.



## THE FOLDING OF THE FLOCK

by J. A. NEVILLE SMITH\*

Down in the valley green  
Under the snow-peaked mountain,  
From morn to night  
The sheep are grazing.

The wind is whistling,  
And the lightning is striking wildly;  
The grass is swaying to and fro  
And the rain is pouring.

The shepherd blows on his horn loudly  
And Bess, the sheep-dog, rounds them up;  
And to the farm they must return  
Lest they should be killed or lost.

## THE LIGHTING OF THE LAMPS

by M. DE NAVARRO\*

As, at five o'clock every wintry day, the lamps are lit, one sees in a big town so many different sorts of lamps; those that hang out over the street; those that bridge the street; and those that stand upright on the edge of the road. Later, one looks up at the skies where the stars are already twinkling, and later still the moon shines down on the dark earth lighting it till morning.

One thinks reminiscently of the boyhood games one used to play. Perhaps playing football till it was too dark to see. Or perhaps, one thinks of later years while at one's public school, when one gazed at the high twinkling stars, which followed their path above one's eye, or even one might, if married, think of the lovely evenings of one's honeymoon, of one's first attempts to have a respectable house, which was indeed near this lamp post, near this postbox, near this manor, which now seemed so much better than then.

Indeed the lighting up time has always been a very romantic time. It is the time when lovers ran off together in most stories. It is a quiet time, for few people are about, but it is no longer dangerous as it was when robbers patrolled the slums and the quaysides of every town. It is a beautiful time, for the stars twinkle in the sky, as the lamps are lit to guide those who are abroad.

\*JAMES NEVILLE SMITH, born 11 January, 1946; entered Worth, September, 1955; acted in *Stations in Mime*; Boxing Team.

\*MICHAEL DE NAVARRO, born 1 May, 1944; entered Worth, January, 1953; acted in *The More the Merrier* and *Stations in Mime*; assistant Librarian.

## GOD'S ACRE

by R. J. G. RIVERA-SCHREIBER\*

In many little English villages, behind the church, there is usually a small churchyard. Sometimes a few graves are scattered around the place, but if the church is bigger, then the churchyard will also be bigger with some flowers planted neatly, and the graves will be nicely arranged in one corner. Sometimes the churchyard is in front of the church with a path going through it leading up to the door.

Every day the little bell in the steeple rings out, summoning people who come down the path and into the church. Behind the church, in the churchyard, all is quiet except for the occasional rustle of the wind through the trees which grow there, making it dark and mysterious. At night it is even more so, and the owls with their hooting add a finishing touch to the sinister atmosphere.

And so we leave the village churchyard in a peaceful spot behind the church.

## CRIME AND PUNISHMENT

by R. V. TAYLOR\*

In days of old, (so I've been told,  
In many books I've read)  
If you betrayed your Noble Lord,  
You'd go without your head.

And if you came up with a gun,  
And shot Aunt Sheila — BANG!  
You'd be arrested, and no doubt  
You'd from a gallows hang.

And if, in great conspiracy,  
You tried to kill the king  
You'd be shot dead by Grenadiers  
For doing such a thing.

And if you entered someone's house  
And took five hundred pounds,  
You'd be accused ('mong other things)  
Of being out of bounds.

But now I'll end my stupid rhyme  
Or I'll bore you to tears.  
And anyway, if I go on,  
You might get bad ideas!

\*RICHARD RIVERA-SCHREIBER, born 12 March, 1944; entered Worth, January, 1955; acted in *The More the Merrier*; Choir.

\*ROGER TAYLOR, born 3 June, 1944; entered Worth, September, 1953.

## SPRING

by R. G. H. HOLMES\*

The world is green  
A beautiful scene.  
Spring is here,  
The sky is clear.  
The wind blows soft,  
The birds are aloft.  
They've come to sing  
Of glorious spring.  
Green meadows cool,  
And garden pool  
Gleam in the sun,  
While rabbits run.

## GYPSY WOOD

by P. S. POLLARD\*

One day after lunch I asked my parents if I could go for a walk in the woods. When they said 'yes' I rushed downstairs and made a few ham sandwiches and I set off with a haversack on my back. I knew that a small stream ran through some nearby woods, so I walked off to it. After about half an hour I came to a small pool. I took off the haversack and put it down. Then I went off to get some firewood. Luckily the day was dry so there was plenty nearby. I left the firewood in a pile and went off to find some stones. In the stream there were lots of big stones, so I took about five, arranging them in a circle. Then I went and explored, climbing trees, and doing lots of other things. Once I climbed up a very high tree and I saw some smoke.

As I returned home I accidentally came across a gypsy camp. It was a beautiful sight, a splash of yellows, greens, blues, whites and many other colours, and in the centre was a large fire, over which a huge stew-pot was bubbling, sending out a delicious aroma. Around it women were busily working, and every now and then a man would come into sight carrying a bundle of wood under his arm, or a rabbit which he had just skinned. The wood would go on the fire, and the rabbits into the stew-pot. After a quarter of an hour a crowd of people all dressed in many-coloured clothes came up to the stew-pot and one of them ladled some of the mixture into a carved wooden bowl. Then they sat down, and using fingers and knives, ate the stew. Then I realised that it was six o'clock so I went home, falling asleep as soon as I was in bed.

\*RICHARD HOLMES, born 5 November, 1945; entered Worth, September, 1954; Choir.

\*PAUL POLLARD, born 14 September, 1946; entered Worth, September, 1954.

## DEPARTURE OF MAYFLOWER II FROM PLYMOUTH

by J. P. N. CONCANON\*

When *Mayflower* left Plymouth, we all went to see it leave. It is a very sturdy ship with three masts. We went out in a boat to see it more closely. We did not see Commander Villiers but we saw some very rough-looking men with beards whom we presumed to be the crew. It is rather a small ship and the tug which towed it away to sea was quite big compared with the *Mayflower*.

*Mayflower* was made at Upham's shipyard at Brixham, but we did not see her in the process of building or launching. When she had been launched she was taken into the shipyard again to have her masts and rigging put on. They painted her very nicely and the colour used most was a dark orange. When she was ready eventually and refloated again, she listed heavily to port, and there were a few anxious moments when everybody thought she would capsize, but she came upright again. She has twelve miles of rigging on her. She was towed to Dartmouth as the original *Mayflower* was, but under sail. She rested in the bay for a day or two and then came on to Plymouth. On that journey it was rather choppy and some members of the crew were sick.

On the morning of the day she sailed Commander Villiers made a speech on the ancient barbican by the 'Mayflower Steps' where the original Pilgrim Fathers set out from. He was dressed in the costume of that period and so was his crew. He said: '*Mayflower* is a tough and sturdy ship made of Devon oak, and all this talk of men not being able to cross the Atlantic is completely wrong. It is my job to see she gets there and she will.' He left the 'Mayflower Steps' amidst lots of clapping and cheers. He was rowed out to the *Mayflower*, together with the Lord Mayor of Plymouth, Alderman Oates, in a boat rowed by some of the crew. Commander Villiers took the Lord Mayor on board to have a look round the *Mayflower*.

That afternoon we came to see her sail. We waited for a long time and then joined a long queue to board a boat to go out to her. The short journey out and around her is described at the beginning of this essay. Shortly after we saw a tug coming from the *Hamoaze*. It took rather a long time but eventually the M.F.V., which had been there since we came, went back to Devonport. The tug stayed for about half an hour, during which time we presumed they were searching for stowaways. They did apparently search eight times before they found one. He was chased along the deck and jumped into a launch which was alongside her. He was one of the original crew to man her, but as they were over-manned he was not able to go, but that was after she set sail. When the tug did stir, we could just see a rope attached to her bows. When she did finally

\*NIGEL CONCANON, born 7 July, 1946; entered Worth, September, 1954; Choir.



move Lady Docker's yacht, *Shemana*, blew an impressive farewell on her siren, the Corinthian Yacht Club fired their cannon and all the small craft and motor vessels blew their horns. It was five o'clock when she sailed. She had a flotilla of most of the small vessels which accompanied her a long way out.

## BEN

by D. P. C. O'HAGAN\*

My brother's dog is called Ben (this isn't his full pedigree name); we called him Ben because on the first day we had him the bell Big Ben replaced Great Tom in the tower at the Houses of Parliament. He is a beautiful black labrador and is extremely intelligent as you shall see from this story which is quite true.

My brother is an officer in the Royal Artillery and is stationed at Perham Down near Andover. Each day he has to walk quite a long way to and from the Officers' Mess. Sometimes he returned by bus. Usually Ben accompanied him.

Well, one morning my brother Michael and Ben left the Mess and walked to the other buildings. My brother took a bit longer than usual and Ben got a bit tired of waiting; so he decided to return to my brother's room back at the Officers' Mess. Ben went to the bus stop and waited. One bus came along but his smell told him: 'No, this is not the right one.' Then when the next bus came his smell said: 'Yes, this is the right one;' so he got on and went upstairs. Some soldiers were waiting and were very surprised to see Ben get on before them. How Ben knew the right bus I don't quite know. At the first stop he got off and sniffed and got on again. 'No,' his nostrils sniffed, 'this isn't it.' The same happened at the next stop. When they came to the third stop Ben got off and stayed off. 'Yes, this is the right stop,' his smell said. He trotted up to my brother's room and went to sleep outside the door.

By this time my brother had finished his work and when he came out there was no sign of Ben anywhere. He looked everywhere but couldn't find him. He decided that he must have gone back to the Mess. He hurried back and when he got to his door there was Ben lying flat out and sound asleep. When Ben was woken up he was very glad to see his master and seemed to say: 'What a clever doggy I am!'

Later on that day a sergeant who had been on the same bus as Ben asked my brother if he knew what Ben had been doing on the bus and told him what had happened. The soldiers who were waiting at the bus stop also told my brother what they had seen while they had been waiting. Thus my brother was able to piece this truly amazing story together.

\*DAVID O'HAGAN, born 20 October, 1944; entered Worth, Michaelmas, 1954; under 12 Rugger XV, Hockey XI; 1st and 2nd Cricket XI's; Gym Team; Choir.

## AT LAS PALMAS

by P. S. G. HASLAM\*

It was the first of April when we arrived at Southampton. At twelve thirty we got on board the *Alcantara*, 22,000 tons. Our cabins were very nice. My mother and father had a double cabin and I had a single one. We got under-way at about one o'clock. In the evening we arrived at Cherbourg. The ship had lots of deck games such as deck quoits, deck tennis, golf and other things. When we arrived at Vigo we went on a coach tour. We visited a beautiful palace. It had some beautiful gardens. Next day we went through the Bay of Biscay. Then we arrived at Lisbon where we went on a car tour. We visited a beautiful castle on top of a hill, also a sports arena and an old monastery.

After that we had some very rough weather at sea. Afterwards we came to Madeira where a lot of little boats came out to meet us when we entered the harbour. The passengers threw coins into the sea and the natives dived for them. Then we went up to the top of a hill in a car. But the fun was coming down. We came down in a sledge made of canes. Two men dressed in white pushed us down. Then we arrived at Las Palmas where we stayed in a hotel called Grand Parquet. We went back on the *Andes*, 23,000 tons.

## WHERE I WOULD LIKE TO LIVE

by R. C. M. McGOURAN\*

I'd hate to own a mud hut  
In the Caribbean Sea,  
'Cause lots of apes and monkeys  
Would drop cocoanuts on me.

I'd hate to live in Iceland  
In a small and round igloo,  
'Cause I'd be cold and lonely,  
With nothing much to do.

I'd hate to live in Russia  
'Cause it's cold out there as well;  
And with these rockets flying about  
Dodging where they fell.

So I'd like to live in England,  
'Cause the weather there's just right.  
I know it rains and pours a lot,  
But that's mostly during the night.

\*PAUL HASLAM, born 29 June, 1946; entered Worth, September, 1956; under 11 Cricket XI.

\*RORY MCGOURAN, born 22 November, 1945; entered Worth, September, 1954.

## AN AUTUMN STORM

by P. D. BYRNE\*

The summer fruit is gathered now,  
Stored away for a winter's day.  
The autumn leaves are beginning to fall  
And scatter on the ground.  
Outside it is dark and all to be heard  
Is a lonely whistling sound.  
Little by little a gale blows up;  
The windows rattle and bang.  
The thunder rolls, the rain slants low,  
The sky lights up in the lightning's glow.  
Then the lightning boldly flashes,  
An oak is struck, and down it crashes.  
But slowly things are quietening down,  
The rain slants less and less,  
Till at last, the storm's blown down,  
And everything's at rest.

## NEVER AGAIN

by C. A. DELMAR LINDLEY\*

It was raining hard and it was very boring in the house. Streams of water were washing all the soil and flowers away and already our garden looked a rocky mess. The street outside was flooded with water and looked rather like a canal with cars and other vehicles ploughing through the water.

Suddenly an idea dawned on me. The old box-room in the attic was very old and I had not been in it for a long time. I thought it would be great fun exploring it. I collected a torch and tried to turn the handle. But it was so very old and rusty it hardly moved at all. At length I managed to turn it and I pushed open the door. As I walked in I saw that the ceiling was covered with cobwebs and spiders and also all the four corners covered with them. Dust covered the whole room and plaster was peeling off the walls and the ceiling. There were many loose floorboards about and every time I stepped on them they squeaked horribly.

I could see many paw prints and I could guess they belonged to mice. Suddenly out of an old trunk came a terrible squeak and a little mouse chased by a rat ran out followed by many others. That frightened the wits out of me and I ran out of the room and slammed the old door behind me. I don't think I will ever go into a box-room again after that incident!

\*PHILIPPE BYRNE, born 11 September, 1944; entered Worth, September, 1952; Choir.

\*CHARLES DELMAR LINDLEY, born 29 May, 1944; entered Worth, September, 1955; 1st XV Rugger; 1st XI Hockey; acted in *Stations in Time*.

## VERDI AND HIS OPERAS

by F. J. LUCAS\*

In the year 1813 two of the greatest operatic composers were born. The one being Richard Wagner, the other Giuseppe Verdi. The former was a German by birth, the latter an Italian. They are probably the writers of the world's most popular operas. It is of Verdi that I wish to say something and of his operas, famous all over the world.

Giuseppe or Joseph Verdi was born on October 22nd, 1813, at La Roneale, a typical Italian village of the period. It is very strange that Verdi failed his first music examination because the examiner said that his mind was not developed for music. His operas may be divided into four groups or sections.

The first group consists of operas which, though first class, have never gained popularity and which are now rarely performed because they have been overshadowed by his later works. These are headed by 'Nabucco,' the story of the Old Testament King of Babylon, 'Ernani,' another equally successful opera, and 'Macbeth,' based on Shakespeare's tragedy and, in Verdi's mind, his loveliest opera.

The second group consists of his three great tragedies, popular throughout the world and in the current repertoire of every opera house. 'Rigoletto' was his greatest success so far; it was followed by his greatest tragedy, that of Manrico the Troubadour, known everywhere as 'Il Trovatore'. This was followed by 'La Traviata' or 'The Lost One'—as the others, popular throughout the world. Those of the next group, like those of the first, have never managed to become popular, though I find them just as good. Among them are 'The Masked Ball,' a moving story of Gustavus III, King of Sweden; 'Simon Boccanegra,' a tale of one of the Doges of Genoa and 'Force of Destiny,' comparable to 'Il Trovatore' in that it is a dreadful tragedy.

The last group consists of Verdi's best gifts to opera. 'Aida' is the first, its premiere being, surprisingly enough, at Cairo. This probably is his greatest work. Again he follows Shakespeare in 'Othello,' another great success, which was succeeded by his last opera, a comedy, 'Falstaff,' written after Shakespeare's 'Merry Wives of Windsor.'

His last work was his 'Requiem,' which is still performed throughout the world. Besides opera, he wrote a lot of music, but all this has been overshadowed by his operas. After 'Falstaff' he was chaired through the streets, cheered by everyone and applauded by all because it was such a success.

Such great singers as Caruso have sung in his operas and Verdi has since become probably the most popular operatic composer in the world.

\*FRANCIS LUCAS, born 11 March, 1944; entered Worth, September, 1952; 1st XI Cricket and Hockey; 1st XV Rugger; Squash Team; Tennis Team; Head of the School.



## THE FIRST BET

by H. R. WALFORD\*

You are going to the races for the first time and you are sure you will win. You buy a programme but you cannot decide on which horse you will bet. First you make up your mind to bet on the horse with the nicest name but you go over to the 'bookies' and there find that the horse you are backing is about the worst racing. Then you try another method and you choose the horse whose name is printed darkest in the programme. But just then you hear an elderly man say to his friend: 'Oh no, don't bet on Tramella, he came last in all the five races I have seen him running in.' Thus your second choice is shattered.

Then you make one last choice. You close your eyes, whirl your finger round and point to one of the names. You open your eyes and you place your money on the horse that your finger landed on. You wait near the loudspeaker. . . .

Your horse has been leading up until now and you are terribly excited. But you hear the loudspeaker announcing that he has fallen back three places and is tiring. The end of the race draws near and he falls back to last place. Then to your bitter disappointment the horse whom the gentleman had seen coming last five times draws up and wins.

You stroll back to the car miserably and decide not to bet again for the rest of the day. When all the races are over you drive home still cursing in your mind that horrible man who caused you to lose your money.

## FISH AND CHIPS

by D. J. M. HALL\*

My father and I both have permits to fish on a group of lakes eighty miles south of Hanover, Germany. On a particular afternoon when there was a ripple on the water and the fish were rising, we went out to fish. My father, a keen fisherman, fished first. He had some very good fun. His fish fought very well. They leapt up in great arcs above the water and then swam deep down with all their power trying to free themselves; but my father played them well.

When my turn came, I had no luck to start with, but when I was half asleep I suddenly got a bite; I lost him. Then I saw a fish come out and look at my fly and then drop back. I cast again and this time with a twitch of his tail he nabbed my fly. Up went my rod point and the hook took a good hold. The fish fought very well; he leapt and jumped, hoping to free himself; but he was soon landed. The fish was a thirteen-inch rainbow trout. He was good with chips!

\*HUGH WALFORD, born 9 December, 1944; entered Worth September, 1951; acted in *Mother Goose*, *The More the Merrier* and *Stations in Mime*; assistant Librarian; Choir Leader.

\*DENNIS HALL, born 26 November, 1946; entered Worth, September, 1954.

## AN EXCITING JOURNEY

by J. C. W. McENTEE\*

One morning I woke up very early, dressed and went along to my mother's room to wake her. We got ready a large cold meal and all the other things necessary for a long journey. At eight o'clock we had our breakfast and a quarter of an hour later we put our luggage on the car. We were going to Newcastle to embark upon M.S. *Braemar*, going to Oslo. We set out at about half past eight and maintained a steady pace until lunchtime, when we stopped for a picnic. We continued during the afternoon, passing Doncaster and other towns until we came to where we were to spend the night. It was called 'The George.' It was a very old hotel, and the floors of the rooms on the first floor all caved in towards the middle. We stayed for breakfast and continued our journey.

Just outside our objective, Newcastle, we stopped and had our lunch; in the middle of it a car came past, obviously going on the same boat as we were. I ate my lunch as quickly as possible and said to my father: 'Please hurry up, we'll be the last in the customs' queue.' My father replied: 'There won't be many cars there after lunch.' We finished our lunch and continued our journey. We lost our way in Newcastle once or twice, but with the aid of sundry policemen and other guides, we eventually found ourselves at the right place, the King Albert Docks.

We took our car through the A.A. control and went through the customs. While we were waiting my mother produced a tin of sweets and we all began busily munching away. We walked up the gang-plank and set our feet for the first time on the promenade deck of M.S. *Braemar*. We put our hand-luggage in our cabins and went up on the boat deck. We stood looking round the dock and waving goodbye to all the people we didn't know on the dock below. Suddenly the siren blew, and as usual, I jumped about a foot in the air. The tugs came up and we began to move. We were off!

## THE DESERTED BEACH

by D. STROUD\*

One summer holidays in the Canary Islands, the family agreed to visit a deserted beach in the very north of Teneriffe, which is one of the islands. It was called: 'Teheras'. My father and uncle finally hired a motor launch and a man who could work it. After Mass on a Sunday we drove down to the harbour and found the man waiting with the boat. We had bought enough food for the day. This went in the hold of the boat. My uncle brought his shot-gun and a fishing rod.

\*JOHN McENTEE, born 15 February, 1946; entered Worth, January, 1957.

\*DAVID STROUD, born 25 March, 1944; entered Worth, September, 1953; 1st XV Rugger; 1st XI Cricket; 2nd XI Cricket; acted in *Stations in Mime*.

After about an hour and a half we were all ready. The man pulled a lever and the small boat started to glide out of the harbour. Outside the harbour the sea was inclined to get rougher. Half-way the wind rose to a considerable strength and we found it very difficult to remain standing up. As the boat swayed to and fro the sea sprayed us to the skin. My mother decided that we should all clamber in through the small hatchway. This we did. My father stayed out with my uncle who was mending his fishing rod (which had been stored up for about a year in a cupboard), but they soon followed suit.

As the little boat rounded a cliff, the wind died down very quickly and we were able to step out of the cabin again. I made friends with the driver and soon took my turn at the helm. Our goal could only be approached by boat. It is a very beautiful beach and contains black sand with some white patches. It is about four hundred yards long.

After about four hours this beach came into view. The sun glittered on the water and, as we slowly approached shore, I heard the anchor drop with a splash into the sea, and the boat gradually came to a standstill.

## JULY COUNTRYSIDE

by B. H. ELKINGTON\*

July is one of the gayest seasons of the year. It is also a very active season. The fledglings are coming out of their nests. The swallows are flying about. In the woods the green bracken sways in the breeze, streams are dried up. From the road the trees look wonderful; there are some trees which on the top show green leaves while others show light brown and some look maroon. They are a wonderful sight to behold. On a quiet day in summer when there is a little breeze the corn sways so that it looks like sea. In the fields the grasshoppers play about. Lambs with their mothers prance about. The buttercups and daisies are still growing. Cowslips stand alone on little banks. Sometimes you find a frog prowling about your garden or even a toad. In the woods the pheasants and other birds sing in their own different ways. A lake with a graceful swan and cygnets, or a moorhen and her babies swim about in between the lilies. When the corn is cut there remains the sweet smell. The summer days slowly pass away. If it is hot animals are still. Lambs and their mothers and fathers sleep under the trees. Birds sit still in trees and sing. Then over from the east comes a black cloud. The corn is all stacked up ready to go in. The black cloud comes nearer and nearer; then it rains. Lambs run to their mothers. Men run to collect the corn. If they take too long in getting in the corn the year's crop is wasted. The summer passes away, making way for winter and cold days. Farewell to July, August and September. Hail to October, November and December and snow.

\*BERNARD ELKINGTON, born 11 November, 1945; entered Worth, September, 1954; under 11 Rugger XV.

## MARKET DAY AT NOON

by G. C. GRANT\*

The stagecoach rattled over the little stone bridge and entered the town of Richmond. The time was 11.45 a.m. and the town was in festival. The coach rumbled over the cobblestones and eventually stopped outside an inn. The passengers got out and found themselves in a town which was having a market day.

The market was in full swing with everybody at their stalls calling out their wares to the customers who were craning their necks with curiosity to see what there was to buy. Gay shouts of laughter echoed all over the market square. All the shops were decorated and their best goods were displayed in the windows. People dressed in various colours walked around gazing at all the wonderful things to be bought. Old men trundled about with one aim in mind, of reaching the pub to refresh themselves. The pub! Yes, it was Brown's pub that attracted most of the farmers, because he had the best ale.

The time was getting on for 1.00 p.m. and the people were starting to drift away to their homes for lunch. By 1.15 p.m. the market was still, and what a mess there was to be seen! Bits of cabbage leaf strewn on the ground, a couple of tomatoes squashed underfoot here and there; but, never mind, for it will all be cleared up by the end of market day. All the vegetable stands, poultry, pig and sheep pens, will be cleared away. Market day has come to a halt for a moment but the hustle and the bustle will begin again once more quite soon.

## DAYBREAK

by S. P. FISHER\*

In the morning I get up after my brother who goes to work on the farm early. I sometimes stay indoors but I often go outside. In the early morning it really looks lovely.

When you go out you cannot see anybody about because it is very early. The only sound is the tractor my brother is driving. Dew is all over the grass and the sun is just coming out. Everything is very still. Sometimes the sky is red and then old people say it is going to rain. Sometimes it does, and other times it doesn't.

When you go out the air is lovely and fresh. There is a bit of a wind. Soon the noise of the tractor dies down; it is going out into a field. Then everything is still and silent except for the occasional car that goes by.

Then I go in and make my mother a cup of tea. Afterwards I set the breakfast. By the time I come out again it is a lovely hot day.

\*GLYN GRANT, born 23 November, 1943; entered Worth, September, 1951; acted in *The More the Merrier* and *Stations in Mime*; Choir.

\*SIMON FISHER, born 17 March, 1947; entered Worth, September, 1955.



## MIDNIGHT BESIDE THE LAKE

by D. E. WALKER\*

Why, you might ask, am I beside a lake at the dead of night? I am on what I call one of my nature rambles. I am searching for whatever animals are to be seen. I look across the lake. It is like glass as it shimmers in the moonlight; it is as smooth as silk. The reeds hardly rustle in the wind. Now and then a moorhen or dabchick crosses the lake. A swan wends its way in and out of the reeds. An owl calls to its mate across the water. The moon silently crosses the sky as if guarding what is below.

A rustle—a badger with his family comes into view. The cubs roll on their backs and play for the sheer joy of it. Father and mother eat and carefully watch their young. A faint hiss, and a snake silently passes by my feet into the water. A sudden cry from father badger and the family scatters. A fox glides into view and drinks at the water's edge; it then melts into the shadows. A family of rabbits rush past on their way to a feeding ground. A night-bird silently flies overhead. It is like a play—the actors seem to know when to enter and leave.

To me it is wonderful to see these wild animals in the moonlight. I am held spell-bound. As if to end the play a cold wind arises and reminds me of bed. I return, contemplating the scene.

## THE GAP OF DUNLO

by R. M. KANE\*

It was a very hot morning and we decided we would go to the Gap of Dunlo in County Kerry in the south of Ireland. First we packed a picnic and then we started off. It was about an hour's drive from Cork and we got there about half past twelve. We had lunch near a fast-flowing stream which went past the Gap about a mile further on. About a hundred yards away there was a stable and we got a horse because you cannot ride through the Gap with a car.

It takes four hours to ride through on a horse so we only went half-way through the Gap. Half-way there was a little house all by itself and I bought a little Bog Oak cross there. We gave the horses a rest and we started to talk with the owners of the house and they were very nice people. Then we turned round and started to go back home because it was getting quite late. About half a mile from the stables there is a famous cottage that was lived in by Kate Karney, a person known by most people in the south of Ireland. There we had a drink and gave the horses another rest. Then we went back to the stables and then home. We arrived back at about half past eight. I then had supper and went to bed.

\*DOUGLAS WALKER, born 29 June, 1944; entered Worth, September, 1952; acted in *Stations in Mime* and *Aladdin*; House Prefect.

\*RODERICK KANE, born 16 May, 1946; entered Worth, September, 1954; acted in *Stations in Mime*.

## A WALK IN THE COUNTRY

by J. W. N. MEDLAM\*

One fine summer afternoon the whole family agreed to go down to the woods, and my mother was specially pleased as she had wanted for a long time, to get some more birch leaves and some wild flowers. So we all put on our boots, and took another garment in case it got colder, which it did. Before we could get into the proper wooded part we had to cross a clearing, in which there was a stream. There were only stepping-stones which were very slippery and my sister nearly fell in. When we got into the wood, we did not start picking flowers straightaway. We strolled around looking at the lovely green leaves and everything. Then I saw an old camp which my sister and I had made some years before. Then we picked flowers. We went back a different way, and this time there was a bridge over the stream. We put the flowers in water and they lasted a long time.

## SCHOOLBOY CRICKET COACHING AT LORDS

by E. G. P. DEARMAN\*

On Thursday 11th, Friday 12th and Saturday 13th, of April, I had cricket coaching at Lords. On Thursday my father took me up by Underground to Lords. There were about sixty boys, twelve in each age group. There were five age groups, 11-12½, 12½-13½, 13½-15, 15-16, 16-18½. I was in the 11-12½ age group. Each person in each age batted in a separate net as there were thirteen nets. Every boy had to wear white trousers, a white shirt and pullover, white socks and gym shoes, and had to supply his own bat, pads and batting gloves.

After we had changed into our cricket clothes we were given a short talk about where to find the nets and where to have lunch. Then at 10 o'clock our group had group coaching when we learnt how to do the forward defensive shot. After each period of half an hour we had a rest. We next had fielding practice in which we were told how to stop the ball, with our feet as a second line of defence. Afterwards we practised catching and were shown how to let our hands 'give' as we caught the ball. When we had batting I was taught by one of the professionals how to play the off drive and how to play back to a short ball. At bowling practice we had to pitch the ball into a square so that if there was a batsman he would have to play forward to it.

After an hour for lunch my group had batting again, in which I practised the off drive and the back defensive shot. Then we had some more bowling practice. Afterwards we were shown two films, one showing Ray Smith of Essex showing how to bowl fast, and the other showing Peter

\*JOHN MEDLAM, born 12 March, 1947; entered Worth, September, 1955.

\*EDWARD DEARMAN, born 24 February, 1946; entered Worth, September, 1956.

Smith demonstrating how to bowl spinners. We then had fielding practice when we were taught how to throw to the top of the stumps. After a rest we went home.

The next day my father brought me up by Underground again. We did the same things as before except for the lecture in which we were shown around the Long Room by a guide; we also saw the Ashes and the Urn. We also saw other interesting things, such as the bat which made the biggest hit at Lords, and portraits of famous cricketers.

On the last day we did the same things in the morning, but in the afternoon we had a kind of match where there were two teams, one team had to field in a special place where cover would be, the other team batted and they had to try and score runs by hitting the ball towards cover where the fielding side were. The batsman, after he had hit the ball, had to run to the other wicket—if he got in without being caught or run out he scored a run for his side, if he didn't he lost a run for his side. This was followed by films of the Five Test Matches in South Africa last winter. We saw every day's play and some incidents were very exciting.

## FUN AND GAMES

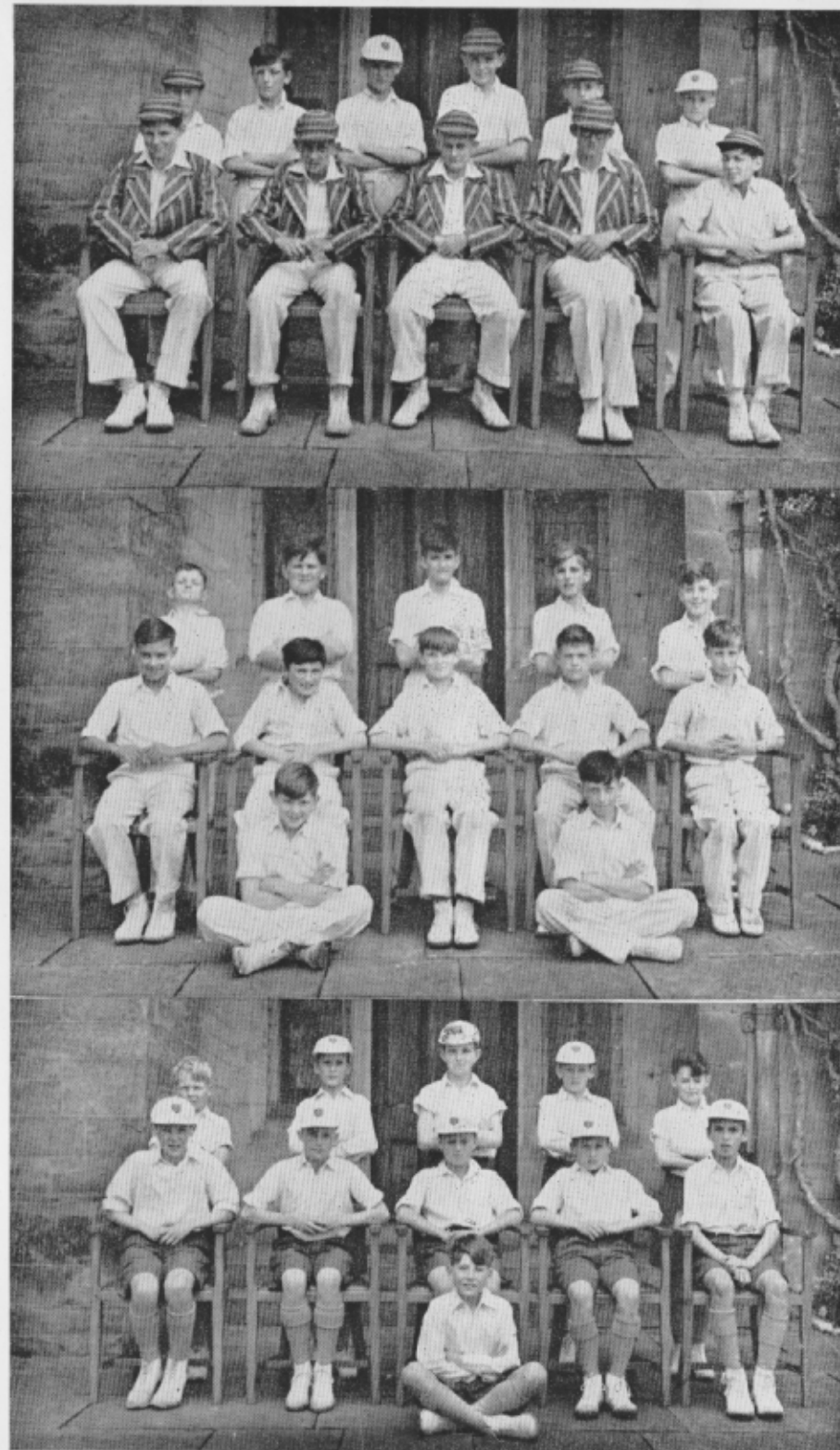
by M. E. AGIUS\*

For a few days the weather had been unsettled but last Sunday it cleared up a little. My friend and I are scouts, so after High Mass we went up to the scout loft and collected our axe, spade, food and cooking utensils. Then after changing we started off for the scout woods. We had to go down a slimy hill which was covered in mud and we slipped a lot. However we eventually reached our den after going through some bracken.

The den was broken down so we began to tidy up the small silver birch trees which had been felled before. Then we collected up some twigs and other wood, and started to build a fire. We lit it with one match and soon the flames were starting to grow bigger. We then put some corrugated iron on the fire and started cooking our eggs and chips, then some beans and soup. The aroma was so tempting that we were very hungry when they were ready. After a delicious lunch we tidied up the den site and went up to some other dens. We stalked each other and had a lot of games in the burning sun. At about two o'clock we went to the quite fast flowing stream and washed up.

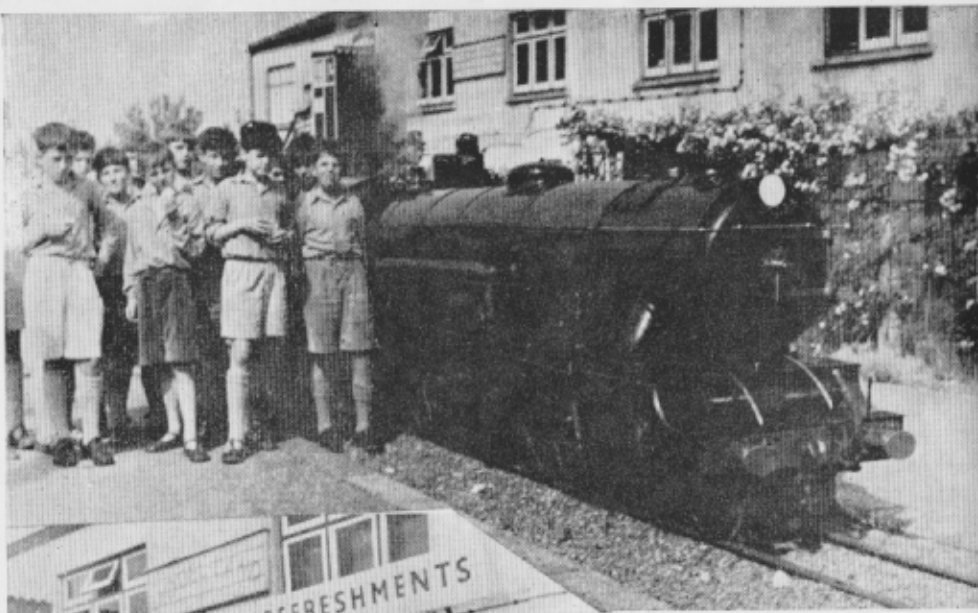
Immediately afterwards we went back to the other scouts and picked sides for a game. We fought each other with new bracken and chased each other all over the woods. It was hot all afternoon so we had soon had enough. So for the rest of the afternoon we built our small den up again. Then at 4.30 we left the woods to go back to school after we had packed up.

\*MICHAEL AGIUS, born 26 December, 1944; entered Worth 22 September, 1951; under 12 RUGGER XV; Choir.



CRICKET: FIRST XI; SECOND XI; UNDER 12 XI





"PRIVILEGE" HOLIDAY:  
ON THE ROMNEY, HYTHE  
AND DYMCHURCH  
MINIATURE RAILWAY



R. M. S. KANE (left)

M. E. AGIUS (right)



EXPEDITION TO  
CLIMPING,  
SUSSEX



J. F. SHERRY (above)

R. L. MORE O'FERRALL (right)





PRIZE DAY: RIDING AND GYMNASTIC DISPLAYS

## A WET AFTERNOON

by R. W. G. HAYES\*

I wonder whether you have ever spent a wet afternoon climbing a mountain? About a year ago, we, a climbing party, met at 'The Goat' at Beddgelert. We were hoping for good weather so that we could have the chance of a climb. But as you might guess all hopes of this were dismissed. After lunch we were soon on our way to the foot of the mountain. We put on some reasonable 'waterproof' shoes and off we started.

We hadn't gone very far when the inevitable happened, and very soon we were squelching through puddles regardless of their size and depth. After another hundred feet the clouds descended and visibility was down to ten feet. When this happened we were ordered to keep in single file and within sight of the person in front. Soon the incline increased and consequently the going was rather slower. Every now and then walls loomed out of the mist with the odd sheep trying to take shelter beneath them. On we went, slowly but surely, being able to see nothing of interest except the person in front! Half an hour later the bedraggled party assembled beneath the crude shelter of a wall and proceeded to eat what food we had brought up. We started off again and a ridge opened out. On our left was a steep slope, strewn with rocks, as far as I could see, and on our right the mountains were to be seen with Llanberis in the background. When we eventually arrived at the top, in a very sorry state, we dried ourselves as best we could and had a hot cup of coffee. After a brief delay we started down again and approximately one hour later we came to the bottom to have a bath and a large meal. Thus ended a rainy afternoon.

## THE MIGRATION OF PINK-FOOTED GEESE

by J. A. BELSEY\*

It is a misty morning in spring when the honking of geese can be heard and a large V-shaped formation of pink-footed geese wings slowly over the cliffs of Western Scotland. It is flying low over the cliffs for the leader must see a certain landmark and slowly the large V climbs higher and higher until it is out of sight.

Up in the blue sky they meet many busy travellers, from large birds such as geese, like themselves, to tiny birds like the chaffinch, all flying to answer the strong call of their breeding grounds. There are many

\*ROBERT HAYES, born 22 February, 1944; entered Worth, 1952; 1st XV Rugger; 1st XI Cricket and Hockey; Squash and Tennis Teams; acted in *Stations in Mime* 1956 and 1957, and *The More the Merrier*; School Prefect; Sacristy.

\*JAMES BELSEY, born 27 June, 1944; entered Worth, September 1955; Choir.



birds like the martins and the much-loved swallows that everyone associates with summer.

Now let us return to the pink-footed geese who have joined the other geese, all of whom are flying in V's, heading towards Greenland. After some time an island is sighted by the leaders and the geese drop out of the blue sky and land on the island, which is Iceland, to feed and to rest. Having spent some time in Iceland the breeding call comes again and the pink feet rise slowly at first, but then quickening their pace they gain the height they fly at. They circle the spot from which they have just risen, and then, as the winds are favourable, they wing off towards Greenland.

As the red sun of the evening sets, the large V's come into sight and they land on firm ground. Having landed in Greenland, almost immediately the female geese make their nests and after three weeks four huge, white eggs appear. After a month of incubation the shells crack and four downy goslings have their first look at the world. As the nest is situated in some undergrowth near a lake, the goslings are soon swimming gaily in the lake. When they are two months old they are taught how to fly and, soon, all the young are able to fly easily, having mastered the art.

But when the summer has ended, and winter is approaching, the geese rise with their young and start on the long journey back, and as they fly into the arches of a flaming sunset, we will leave them, ourselves pinioned to the earth.

### BLACK ROCK

by A. E. MACKAY\*

At last we were off on our way to Black Rock Swimming Pool. This is a large pool on the beach at Brighton, and today the Worth Scouts were going to spend a luxurious day there. On our arrival at the pool, we expected it to be overcrowded, but luckily it was practically empty. The sun was shining brightly, and it was another hot summer's day.

Soon after our first swim in the icy water we had lunch. And then a large number of excited boys went by train to the Palace Pier, for there is a miniature railway, running down the beach of Brighton from Black Rock to the Aquarium, which is near the Palace Pier. On this pier the dodg'ems were, as usual, the most popular of all the amusements. Also a record stall caused a lot of fun, as some boys had a go at singing for the public.

About an hour later, most boys left the pier and walked over to a cafe, as they had just enough money to buy a plate of eggs and chips. Then came the time to return to the pool and having a short swim before a Southdown bus arrived at the pool ready to take us back. An excited bunch of boys stepped into the bus telling each other all the adventures they had had.

\*ANGUS MACKAY, born 11 January, 1944; entered Worth, September, 1953; acted in *The More the Merrier*; House Prefect.

### CUBS

We started the term's Cubbing in great style — a select party of twelve Cubs, plus their Akela, all went off by bus to Worthing to take part in the annual St George's Day Parade of the Southwark Diocese Catholic Scout Guild.

Another notable event was the outing on Corpus Christi — most of the Cubs packed themselves into another bus, with a dozen Scouts and D. Peter and D. Denis as well, and off we went to Climping. The bathing in sea and sun was enlivened by the antics of a helicopter from R.N. Air Station at Ford.

On St Benedicts's Day the whole Pack lunched in the woods: the problem of getting enough water down to the Cub Kitchen to satisfy fifty Cubs was solved by the kind service of a former member of our Pack (and Troop), now a Rover Scout in the Oscott Crew, who drove up and down in his little car as often as required. (There is quite a strong feeling in the Pack that Akela shouldn't waste his time making small-scale railways in the cellar, when there is a crying need for a full-size one to carry grub to the Cub Woods.)

Other Sundays saw us going down in small parties to cook lunch; by this means almost everyone has a chance to fry his own egg once in a while, and it is certainly pleasanter for all. The games included a compass trail, which included a few corpses hanging off trees and other strange things scattered around the woods — the work, of course, of our old friends Makarios and Akelatos.

B.S.

### THE LIFEBOAT

by B. J. ASTON\*

The lifeboat at Hastings always causes a lot of excitement, for when the rockets go, the beach begins to flood with excited children and their fathers.

There is no slip-way at Hastings because it would get jammed with pebbles; instead there are big crease boards, which are pieces of wood about four feet long, six inches wide, and four inches high. The lifeboat rests on rollers in the shed, and there are crease boards about two feet away from each other going halfway down the beach. There are ropes too, on each side, by which men pull the boat down. As soon as the boards at the top are finished with they are taken to the bottom half of the beach. On the steep part of the beach just out of reach of the sea, the crew get in and the engine starts, and when everything is ready, one mighty shove, and she goes in with a splash.

\*BERNARD ASTON, born 26 November, 1946; entered Worth, January, 1957.

## CLIMPING

by L. O. S. MEDLAM\*

One day on a whole holiday I went to Climping. We started off about a quarter past eleven. The journey took about an hour. When we got there we met another school who had German measles. We were told to keep well away from them. We got into our bathing suits. As we were rushing down into the sea we had a picture taken of us. The bathe lasted about half an hour. We then had a little rest before we had lunch. After lunch we played games of cricket and football. We then had another bathe. After tea we played around for a bit. We then started on our way back. We went through quite a number of towns. On the way Dom Benedict and Dom Peter went to buy some ices for us because we were getting terribly hot in the bus. The journey back lasted just over an hour. On our return we gave three cheers.

## AT BRIXHAM

by P. BUTLER\*

It was a fairly dull morning when my father decided to go to Brixham to see the *Mayflower*. We set off in our car round Torbay to Brixham. It was a very cold morning and a strong breeze was blowing. As we parked our car and got out I spotted the Master of the *Mayflower* so we walked down to the wall where we could see her. On our way there we passed a fish-yard where the fishermen were hosing out and packing the fish in cases. When we got to the wall my sister and I could not see the *Mayflower* which was about sixty yards out to sea so my sister and I went and stood on a wooden bench and from there I took two photos. The *Mayflower* was swaying and launches were taking provisions on board. It was very windy so we left the wall and worked our way back through the narrow little streets to the cafe which was named 'Mayflower.' There we had a warm drink. Afterwards we walked around Brixham.

But that was not the last time I was to see the *Mayflower*, for on the following Saturday we went on the ferry from Torquay to Brixham. When we got to the end of the pier we saw a Norwegian submarine anchored there. At last our ferry arrived and we set off on our cruise. It was lovely out at sea. The boat, being very light, was tossed and swayed and there was a chilly wind blowing. As we neared Brixham it got milder and milder. On our way into Brixham harbour we passed a lighthouse and the ferry called *The Western Lady* which looked rather old as it had two funnels.

We passed the *Mayflower* by about ten yards. A little company of people were chatting on the deck. It looked much better close up. On her stern there was the crest of the *Mayflower*; it was a red flower. We left the *Mayflower* waiting to go on its journey across the Atlantic.

\*SIMON MEDLAM, born 22 December, 1946; entered Worth, September, 1955; under 10 Rugger XV; under 11 Cricket XI.

\*PATRICK BUTLER, born 9 November, 1946; entered Worth, September, 1954; under 10 Rugger XV.

## THE TOP OF THE HILL

by P. A. GIVEN-WILSON\*

The nicest place in England that I have ever been to is in the country on one side of the Pilgrim's Way near Biggin Hill Airfield. It is a hill and there are some woods at the top of it; these were my destination.

First of all there was a very steep bank which I scrambled up. Then I found myself among some corn; it was just beginning to turn yellow. There was a path through it along which I went, going uphill all the way. By the time I came to the end I was very tired. Then there was a gate over which I climbed. I soon found myself in a dense forest of small trees. I saw five birds' nests, two of them were deserted, two more had eggs in them, and the last had some babies in it whose mother chased me down the tree.

After that I stopped to have a rest. I found that a few bluebells were there and that I had a nice view. After some time I started climbing the hill again; now it was not so steep so I guessed that I was near the top. The number of bluebells was now increasing and a few buttercups appeared.

After about five minutes I got to the top of the hill. After that I walked round the hill stopping every now and then to look for birds' nests, but I found none. After some time I arrived back where I had started after a lovely day.

## THE VILLAGE CHURCHYARD

by J. F. DILLON\*

Twenty miles from York there is a picturesque little village, tucked away in the moors, called Little Highton. In the village there is only one car: a nineteen-twenty model owned by the parson. In the main street, (there are only two streets), live the village blacksmith, the undertaker, the schoolmistress, the village store-keeper and other old women, and the publican. Facing the empty churchyard there is a bench, where the old men sit and watch the proceedings and gossip.

The village is an ancient one; it has been there since 1215. The church was built in 1230 because the old one was crumbling, and the churchyard was added in 1231. Many bodies lie in the sombre graves, in the churchyard. There is a bigger grave: a family one, of the Granvilles, who used to live in the manor about a mile away. The manor is now deserted and in ruins. Cromwell burnt it in 1653, when the King was supposed to have hidden there. The church is fast going to rack and ruin. The vicar is raising money to repair it, and has so far received about £1,000. The churchyard is kept by a sexton and now and again there is a sad procession of black figures following a coffin: the bells toll, and the party disappear into the church. They then wend their doleful way home.

\*PATRICK GIVEN-WILSON, born 26 August, 1947; entered Worth, September, 1955.

\*JEROME DILLON, born 6 May, 1944; entered Worth, Summer, 1955; acted in *Stations in Mime*.



## IN BED

by N. SIRKETT\*

Most people have memories about bed. Many of these are pleasant, but some are not so. In the early centuries, there was no such thing as a soft springy mattress. The people slept on wooden boards, whether they liked it or not. Sometimes royalty might have a soft mattress, but as often as not, this complicated matters, as the mattress was nothing but bumps! In contrast the modern bed is often made of wood. It is sprung in every part, and the mattress is often made of feathers. This is placed on the frame of the bed, and the sleeper settles on it and falls into a deep slumber. The modern bed would have been fit for three kings in the early centuries. There are many different sorts of modern bed. There is the divan, the camp bed, the double-bed, which, incidentally, is sometimes known as 'the great bed of Ware.'

Beds have many uses. In hospitals they are used a great deal. Without the bed the human race would be at a loss. True, one could sleep outside, or on the couch, but only bed is really suitable after a tiring day, a day at the office, say, or a day of travelling. We have all been through the experience of coming home after a long journey and we all know what we want most then. Bed!

Young, healthy people need a great deal of sleep and are therefore much indebted to their beds. Old people benefit from them too, of course but to them bed can become a curse. If they stay there, never moving, their muscles don't have the right amount of exercise and the more rest they have the more enfeebled they become. Finally the old people cannot walk as they are so stiff, and this is not easy to counteract. The bed, in fact, is a great boon if used in the right way, but if mis-used it is like the effect of too much of a drug which in small quantities is a very good thing but taken in large quantities is bad.

My last thought is what about the beds of the future? If the changes are as great in the next few years as they have been in the last few centuries the change in the way we sleep will be enormous.

## MY LUCKY DAY

by P. R. C. JOHNSTONE\*

As the time was well advanced in summer and the weather forecast had been good, my father and I had decided to go fishing for the day. We got up about seven o'clock and put our fishing equipment in one haversack and our food in another. Having done this we had breakfast and checked up on our food and equipment again.

\*NEIL SIRKETT, born 5 March, 1944; entered Worth, January, 1954; Tower House Prefect; Choir.

\*PATRICK JOHNSTONE, born 13 December, 1944; entered Worth, September, 1952; Under 12 Rugger XV and Hockey XI; 3rd XI Cricket.

At nine o'clock sharp, for that was the time we had agreed upon for leaving,—my father is always one for punctuality—we set out for a brook where salmon and trout are often to be caught. It was still misty and rather cold, and as it was a good half hour's walk, we kept up a brisk pace. When we arrived, the sun had melted the mist away. We spread out our groundsheet on a flat rock above the brook, an ideal place from which to fish.

We cast our lines and sat quietly watching our floats to see if they would move and maybe help us to catch a fish. My father had the first catch of the day which was a good-sized trout; it had to be played for quite a long time by my father, but eventually it gave up the struggle and he hauled it in. We both caught two or three more trout before lunch.

We had lunch at one o'clock. It consisted of various kinds of sandwiches, a roll, and an apple each. Then we had a nap stretched out on the groundsheet.

Soon we were fishing again from our old positions. Suddenly my float disappeared from view and I started to play out my line. Just as I was relaxing my grip and beginning to rewind, my rod was almost wrenched from my grip and I had to play it out again; this happened about three times. On the third occasion I had almost run out of line when it suddenly went much slacker than usual and I re-wound it much more vigorously than usual, and the fish only made a small struggle as I was hauling it in. While this had been happening my father had been telling me what to do. I probably would have lost the salmon, for that is what it was, but for his experienced advice. The whole operation had taken about twenty minutes, after which time I was fairly out of breath.

By this time dark clouds were appearing in the sky and we decided to pack up as we had no mackintoshes. We put our catches in the food haversack and then took one of the haversacks each and started on our way home. That evening we had a lovely ten-pound salmon, for that was what it weighed, for supper and nobody could have enjoyed it more than me. It was my first big catch.

## IAN SOOKNA

by D. M. SAVILL\*

One day my father asked me if I would like to go to a place called Ian Sookna, in the Sudan by the Red Sea. I said I would so we made preparations and started next day.

We woke up about five o'clock the next morning and at about six we started off. At first it was rather boring, but as we came into country we had not seen before it became more interesting. We arrived at Ian Sookna at about noon and had lunch. After that we had a bathe and picked up some very pretty coral.

After a rest and tea we started back home. It was great fun tearing across the sand but eventually we reached home and I went to bed tired but happy.

\*DESMOND SAVILL, born 28 November, 1947; entered Worth, September, 1955.

## WHERE I WOULD LIKE TO LIVE

by C. D. CRONIN\*

Off a rocky and bare coastline, full of birds of every kind, there is a small wooded island surrounded by reefs. It is uninhabited although the earth is surprisingly fertile and there are many streams and little brooks. It is nearly always sunny and windy but hardly ever does it rain, for the coast off which it lies, has no industrialized towns or cities. There are one or two small, dilapidated wooden houses but it is very rarely that anyone goes out to it, the main reason being that the only way of doing this is by a rowing-boat owned by a fisherman on the mainland by the name of Jim McLoughlin.

If one ever did go out there they would find that it was much more charming than it seems from the coast. They would arrive in the rowing-boat, through a gap in the reefs, to be greeted by the deafening clamour of birds from all sides. These nest mainly in clefts on the rocks and are splashed by the spray of the waves which hit the rocks with a thunderous noise, half-cover them for a few moments, and then suddenly retreat with great obstinacy, still roaring violently, but eventually subsiding until once more they start their cycle.

However, as soon as one is perhaps twenty yards away there is relative silence and then one touches the sandy beach. For although from the mainland it seems that the actual coast of the island is rocky, this is only the reefs which hide the island from the shore. At the other end of this beach there is, strangely enough, a green pasture and in it there are foxes' lairs, rabbit burrows and hundreds of birds' nests, all mixed together and all protected by mother nature.

This field is backed by a deep forest, bordered by streams and it is this forest which is the main part of the island. There are many secluded spots in it and it is in one of these clearings that I would like to live, alone in the country, yet near to the sea and away from most people.

## BULLFIGHTING

by D. McGRATH\*

Bull-fighting is a very famous sport in Spain and Mexico. It first started many years ago. It consists of a number of men who fight the bull. There are six bull-fights in all, allowing each bull-fighter to have two bulls to fight. At the beginning of the fight, a number of men, known as toreadors, play with the bull, while the matador watches the bull manoeuvre. This goes on for about ten minutes. Then the picadors who

\*COLIN CRONIN, born 23 January, 1944; entered Worth, September, 1954; 1st XV Rugger; 1st XI Hockey and Cricket; Squash Team; Captain of Tennis; Head Librarian; School Prefect.

\*DERMOT McGRATH, born 9 March, 1944; entered Worth, September, 1952; Choir.

are on horseback come in. The toreadors try to bring the bull near one of the picadors, so that he can weaken the bull with his lance. The bull often overturns or damages the horse, so the horse is now padded. After a certain time the picadors leave the arena and the bandilleros come in. Their job is also to weaken the bull. They use special darts (which are about two and a half feet long) to pierce the bull with. If they do not get the darts in, within a certain time, they have to make way for the matador, who actually does the killing. He comes in with his red cloak and performs a lot of what are called 'passes,' with the bull. When he sees the time, he takes his sword (which he has hidden in his red cloak) and pierces the bull through the heart. If he is a good bull-fighter he will do it the first time; sometimes it may take quite a long time to do. After the six bull-fights have finished the matador (if he has played a good part) is carried around the arena, and the women throw roses at him, or favours of some sort or another.

## SCOUTING

by J. M. COOK\*

Robert Baden Powell was born in 1857. He went to school at Charterhouse. He fought in the Boer War, and was very successful in other campaigns. In 1907 he started an experimental camp on Brownsea Island. This was the birth of scouting. On this camp a few boys from all walks of life camped with him. He was then writing a weekly magazine for men in the Army about scouting. He heard that some boys were buying it and trying to copy his ideas, so he started another magazine which came out every fortnight costing only a few pence, and it was called *Scouting for Boys*. From then on scouting really got going. Troops of scouts were started. Baden-Powell made it known that it was not a military movement. Despite much criticism he kept his movement going. Scouting had by now started in other countries. Also Lady Baden-Powell had started Guides and Brownies.

In 1914 when war broke out Baden-Powell got Scout troops to guard bridges and rivers. They could also give first-aid to wounded people, and help to rescue them from bombed houses, and so on. By 1918 the Scout movement was firmly established. Baden-Powell had done a great work in starting a good healthy occupation for boys.

From then on Baden-Powell went around organising jamborees and visiting countries in which scouting had started. Chile was actually the first country to start after Britain. Baden-Powell returned to Kenya and died there happily in 1941.

This year, 1957, is the centenary of the year of his birth and the half-centenary of Scouting. An international jamboree is being held at Sutton Coldfield. Scouting is now firmly established throughout the world and we must pay great tribute to Lord Robert Baden-Powell of Gilwell for founding this wonderful movement.

\*MAITLAND COOK, born 2 January, 1944; entered Worth, September, 1952; School Prefect; Sacristy.



## LAKE CANADA

by P. A. THOMSON\*

One day I was just going outside when Byrne called me back. He said, 'Would you like to go for a walk with Father Thomas and me?' He led me up to Father Thomas' room and gave me an orange. We waited a bit but Father Thomas didn't come, so we went downstairs to look for him. At last we found him so we put on our boots and started off.

After a time we came to the 'stinking pool.' We then looked at all the trees that had been cut down. Afterwards we went through a gate and down a drive. We saw many enormous trees that were about one hundred feet high. They had been brought over from Canada, California and places like that. We also saw a most extraordinary tree which had a large sort of pocket which I got into.

At last we saw our destination which was Lake Canada. We wanted to go to the other side of the lake but there was no bridge so we had to go round the lake. On the other side we saw down a small hole in some planks all the water flowing into a tunnel in the ground. The tunnel joins a small stream which goes down to Balcombe Lake. When we reached the place mentioned above we each had an orange.

At last it was time to go back to school so we decided to go round a different way. We saw some large rocks and climbed on them. We finally got back by way of the rock garden.

## GAUGE 'O' RAILWAY CLUB

Last year we affirmed that no matter what our nationalised main line railways might do, the Worth Railways would stick to steam. In fact, we have had up to six steam engines in service at various times, and the electric track has been dismantled. Not that electricity has been entirely banished: in January the clockwork tram that had run for two terms joined the great majority (alas!) of trams on the scrap heap, and was replaced by an electric one, only to be reprieved and itself fitted with an electric motor. So now we have two trams running up and down, with all the proper accompaniments of wires, sparks and even bells. The railway proper, where the steam trains run (or are meant to run: one of them did once get up on to the tramway, where it was met and held by the tram) has had its simple block signal system properly wired up; the next stage will be to put some more wire under the baseboard — there are about eighty yards of it already — with relays to change the signals from green to red and back. Some scenery has been put in: there are now fourteen trees, a grassy field with two cows, not to mention two navvies, a parson and three cats outside the tram depot. The latest acquisition has been a full size tram stop sign: a fairly well-preserved specimen of the middle London Transport period — but quite enough has now been said to make it clear that this railway club is setting out to cater for those who like things to be as they used to be, *and as they ought to be.* B.S.

\*PAUL THOMSON, born 11 May, 1947; entered Worth, September, 1955.

## C. F. B. MORTIMER, R.I.P.

CHRISTOPHER FRANCIS BYTHESEA MORTIMER died at half-past eight on the evening of Maundy Thursday, 18th April, 1957, after a brief illness of only a few days. A bleeding nose was the first symptom of what proved to be leukaemia to combat which nothing could be done. He received the last sacraments while fully conscious, even shewing his amusement to his mother when his father made a small mistake while saying the *confiteor*, and died happily, even gaily, as he had lived his short life.

The eldest son of Arthur Mortimer, he was born on 21st September 1941 in Malta, where his father is a well-known architect. He went to Worth in 1952, and came on to Downside in the Michaelmas term of 1955, joining Smythe via the Junior House. He excelled at riding and swimming, and was normally proficient at the ordinary school games. He was a member of the sacristy, and latterly one of the acolyths. So much for the bare record, inevitably slight as he was so young when he died.

When he arrived at Worth in 1952, although of far more than average intelligence, he was not quite up to the Worth standard for his age in Latin, and the present writer began a connection of four years by taking him privately for two terms. Private tuition is not much liked by those unaccustomed to it, but with Christopher it was a real pleasure. He was very quick to learn and appreciative of efforts on his behalf, and he shewed a highly developed sense of humour of a quiet kind, a quality which increased as he grew older. His appearance reflected his character, open, friendly and very good-humoured. He was somewhat shy and retiring, but on getting to know him better it was possible to get behind this. He was a really good boy in the best possible sense of the word, to whom his religion meant a great deal, and who practised it sincerely and energetically. He will be sadly missed by many friends, and we take this opportunity of assuring his parents of our sympathy and prayers in their great sorrow. May he rest in peace. J.C.McC.

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## SCOUTS

During the end of the School year the Troop had a very busy, successful and happy time. In the Easter holidays the usual Bob-a-Job work was done, with very pleasing results. The average earning by the whole troop was 12s. 5d., and the Storks set up a new patrol record with 16s. per head. Those who earned most were Dauthieu (40s.), R. Schreiber (36s.), G. Schreiber (34s.), Henderson (29s.), Keane (27s.), Lord (25s.), Mather (21s.), Hoyle (21s.), Paterson (20s. 6d.), J. M. Cook, Sheldermine, Bullock-Webster, Ramsden and Dilley (20s. each).

At the beginning of the Summer term we took part for the first time in the diocesan Catholic Scout St George's Day Parade, at Worthing. Thirty scouts and twelve cubs went to Worthing by coach, had lunch on the beach, went for trips in pedal-boats, and then marched with many others to the Catholic church for the renewal of the Cub and Scout Promises, a sermon and Benediction. Many complimentary remarks

were spoken and written about the behaviour, bearing and marching of our scouts and cubs.

On May 24th the Scout Fete was held in the Hydrangea Garden. The weather was rainy and cold, but everybody had a very enjoyable time. The Aerial Runway, with unusual tackle, and raised higher at the receiving end, worked better than ever before. Not only some ladies, but also Mr Gildea and the 6ft. 3in. Mr Bostock had safe and comfortable journeys on it. Shooting at bulbs in a pond was re-introduced, and some remarkable marksmanship was produced with an air-rifle which was powerful but lacked sights. The Scout Funds benefited by £15, but this sum disappeared immediately in providing new equipment for the rapidly growing troop, and for the Camp at the end of the term, which, with forty campers, will be the second largest in our history up to now.

On June 4th the G.S.M. led a small expedition of nine scouts who held the 2nd Class Badge and the Master-at-Arms or other Proficiency Badge to London, to see the Royal Tournament. This magnificent spectacle gave us many ideas for our scouting activities. Afterwards we just had time to pay a brief visit to Lord Baden-Powell's room at Imperial Headquarters. On June 20th we had two large expeditions to celebrate 1957. Dom Benedict, Dom Denis and Dom Peter took the Cubs and a few Scouts to the beach at Climping, where they thoroughly enjoyed a hot, sunny day. Dom Michael and Dom Bruno took the rest of the Scouts to Brighton, where, based on the Black Rock swimming pool, they likewise revelled in the superb weather. Two days later the weather was cold and rainy for the big Scout and Guide Rally at Haywards Heath. We sent a party of forty scouts to this, took part in the tent pitching display, and acted the finale of the whole programme — the Pageant of the Union Flag. Our District Commissioner wrote to the G.S.M.: 'The last scene was most impressive and your scouts looked and acted the part very well.' And Mr Jack Kellam (Assistant County Commissioner for Rovers), wrote: 'We all feel that the Rally was a really worth while show and we are all most grateful to your lads for the splendid way in which they performed their share of it — it gave us a most impressive finale.'

On June 28th began a very happy week-end training camp, for about thirty scouts who had not camped before. Dom Bruno ran this camp, in a field by the East Drive, and perfect weather enabled the campers to wear bathing costumes for much of the time. On the days of the Sports and Gymkhana the scouts gave their usual assistance, and on each occasion this was especially appreciated this year — on the first day the boys organized the distribution of drinks to the thirsty officials. On July 14th twenty-eight new scouts made the Promise, at the largest enrolment we have ever had. This brought the number of scouts enrolled in this School year to 62, and the total number of enrolled scouts in the troop to 103: both numbers are records.

Meanwhile the normal life of the troop has been going on happily and progressively. Days have been spent in the Scout Zone, with lunch and

tea cooked at the patrol dens. Tests have been passed, especially at the end of the summer term. The 2nd Class Badge was won by T. A. Cummins, Dwyer, Keane (Eagles), H. D. R. Walford, Dillon, Laurence (Swans), Dilley (Woodpigeons), and W. R. J. Cross (Peewits).

Proficiency Badges have been awarded as follows: *Swimmer*: Dwyer, T. A. Cummins, Bullock-Webster, O'Hagan, Pitt, Ashford-Hodges, C. Lucas, Reade, Marcar, Plummer, Farquharson, A. T. S. Carr, J. A. Walford. *Master-at-Arms*: Ashford-Hodges, H. J. Rose, Thomas, Dwyer, Wynne. *Athlete*: Hayes. *Angler*: D. J. M. Hall. *Linguist (French)*: J. S. O'Reilly, J. A. Neville Smith. *Bookman*: J. S. O'Reilly, Dillon, O'Hagan. *Designer*: Dillon. *Hobbies (Book binding)* J. S. O'Reilly. B.M.S.

#### PRIZE DAY

On Prize Day, Sunday, July 7th, there was a larger number of parents and visitors than ever before at Worth — some eight hundred or more. It was a glorious day but, mercifully, the temperature had dropped from the abnormal heights of the previous fortnight.

Shortly after lunch the guests began to arrive and, by 2.30, all had assembled in the marquee for the speeches and distribution of prizes — incidentally, the putting up of this marquee provided the School with a special entertainment: a crowd of small boys gazed spell-bound at the wizards who so speedily and so skilfully transformed masses of shapeless material into a palace of delights. Never had conjuror a more admiring, attentive or inspiring audience.

The first speech came from the Headmaster, Dom Maurice Bell. He began by a reference to the unifying influence of education. This influence, he said, manifested itself clearly at Worth where we all live in a friendly way together and where the state of the school buildings within and without proclaims that the boys know that they have here a treasure to preserve and hand down to future generations. He believed it to be our united wish to preserve this Worth of ours unscathed.

He went on to speak of boys who had left Worth. The majority of these go on, and, he hoped, would continue to go on to Downside. Their careers were followed with intense interest. He instanced some of the successes which had fallen to them at Downside and spoke of those who passed on to the Universities and elsewhere as imbued with 'the Gregorian spirit grafted on to the Worth stem.'

He then, reviewing the scholastic work of the past year, commended the great efforts made by the boys, giving special recognition to the 'triers.' The resultant average of marks gained by the thirty-five leaving boys in the Common Entrance Examinations was 62 per cent.

He deeply regretted the departure of Mr Crossley after ten years of successful teaching and wished him every happiness and success in his new sphere of musical work.

Turning then to the boys' physical activities, Dom Maurice praised the efficiency of the Scouts and Cubs and gave an account of the achievements



of the School in Rugby Football, Hockey, Swimming, Riding, Squash Racquets, Cricket, Boxing and Physical Training, adding that old Worth boys in the Downside Rugby, Hockey, Cricket and Boxing teams of the current year numbered, respectively, seven, eight, five (including the captain) and six.

For the excellent results obtained he thanked the Teaching Staff, the Bursar and all concerned. He thanked Fr Prior, for his untiring interest in all that affected the school. Finally, he thanked the parents, assuring them that no effort would be spared to make Worth the admiration of the world.

Dom Wilfred Passmore, Headmaster of Downside, in a breezy speech, spoke of the relations between Worth and Downside. Worth held a special place in Downside's affections and he had accepted every Worth boy taking the Common Entrance Examination. In contrast to what parents could see at Worth, he had only dirt and chaos to show them at Downside where building operations were now in progress. Boys coming on there from Worth need have no fears about their new school; they would find Downside a place of delights where their growing interests and activities would find full scope.

The Abbot of Downside stressed the rights of parents in all that regards the education of their children. He then spoke at some length of the rapidly growing strength of the Catholic body in this country, of the great influence it should wield in the near future and of what that entailed. Catholics must be ready to take advantage of the opportunities and to shoulder the responsibilities that would be theirs.

Father Prior, in a short speech, congratulated Dom Maurice on the School and expressed his satisfaction with all that had been achieved. He dwelt on the importance of a united Benedictine Community and on the aims of a Benedictine education. He concluded with a humorous reference to his own teaching experiences at Worth.

The speeches over, Father Abbot distributed the prizes. There followed one of the best gymnastic displays yet seen at Worth. The first part, Marching and general Physical Training exercises were 'commanded' by one of the senior boys (H. R. Walford) — a delightful innovation introduced by Dom Peter, who is responsible for all gymnastic work. Box work, which came next, was excellent. But the high lights of the display were the diving through hoops and the series of falls and springs, with back and front somersaults, performed on the 'trampoline,' a piece of equipment made at Worth and brought into use during the last weeks of Term. These evoked applause which, indoors, would have brought the house down.

After tea in the marquee came the Riding Display, into which Miss Matthews introduced a new and charming feature: a Musical Ride.

In between times, parents were able to see the Worth Film (Dom Denis' most up-to-date version); the exhibition of Arts and Crafts (a wonderfully comprehensive collection of oils, watercolours, drawings, linotypes,

clay modelling, basketwork and a variety of artistic objects — for which we must thank Miss Keilthy); and the exhibition of woodwork and carpentry (a fine show and a real credit to the instruction of Mr Walter Stanford).

Altogether, Prize Day was a most happy occasion; and all thanks and praise are due to those responsible for the smooth running and exact organisation of all departments — especially to Father Bursar and his staff.

## HOCKEY

*Captain: R. W. G. HAYES*

The hockey season began for us a fortnight later than usual, and was then interrupted by rainy weather. By the time the matches came along the team had not settled down properly, and the forwards lacked experience and ball control. The defence, however, was good. Hayes at centre-half, and Rimmer at back were outstanding, and Vander was very useful with his robust, tireless and ubiquitous play. The experience, stick-work, speed and hard hitting of Hayes put him in a class above the rest of the team. He is certainly one of the best hockey players that we have produced.

On March 16th St. Mary's Convent, Ascot, Under 14 XI came to Worth and beat us for the first time, by two goals to nil, both goals being scored in the second half. The girls' defence kept the boys' forwards well under control. A week later our team had improved, and we managed to beat the Holy Child Convent from St Leonard's-on-Sea by two goals to one. F. J. Lucas gave us a lead of one goal at half-time. Novella Onorati equalised for our visitors in the second half with a hard shot, and young O'Donovan (of the Under 12 XI) scored our winning goal, pushing the ball forward nicely into the circle, following up quickly and slamming it into the goal as the goal-keeper rushed out. On March 31st the Worth Wizards beat the School 6-0 in a fast and interesting game.

Our team was (with asterisks denoting the award of colours): C. A. Delmar Lindley\*; R. J. Rimmer\*; Z. K. Zamoyski; P. J. Vander\*; R. W. G. Hayes\*; P. C. Norton\*; D. R. Lysons, P. J. G. Murphy, J. O'Donovan; F. J. Lucas\*; D. M. P. Barrère\*. Also played C. D. Cronin; B. H. Poett; N. Sirkett.

League matches: Silvers beat Reds 2-0; Golds beat Blues 4-2; Silvers beat Golds 3-1.

## UNDER 12 HOCKEY

Nearly all the members of Game 3 had been well coached the year before in Game 4, and there were half-a-dozen pretty equal candidates for the last two places in the Under 12 XI.

From the beginning of the season it was clear that the team would have a strong defence, with Carr at back and Lintner at half outstanding.

But it looked at first as if the forward line, despite O'Donovan's competent stick-work, would have little scoring power. They did not seem to have much flair for getting unmarked, passes went astray, the ball came in too late from the wings, and the insides were not always up in the circle when wanted.

However, when it came to the match against the Worth Ladies, who had quite a strong defence, the forward line, strengthened by the inclusion of Lintner, played together very satisfactorily: they put the ball through the net six times (two disallowed for offside). In a short game on a wet pitch, and against Mr Bonner's goal-keeping, this was no mean achievement. The Ladies were weak in attack and the Under 12 defence was not seriously tested.

So it was sad that influenza and rain prevented the team from showing their paces against Hove and Woldingham.

The team was: Johnstone; Carr, Turner; Ramsden, Wood, H. J. Rose; Thomas, Marcar, O'Donovan, Lintner, O'Hagan. N.H.O'N.

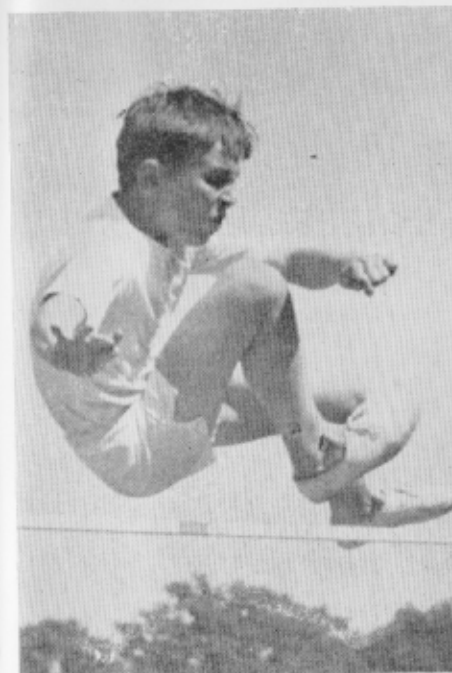
## SWIMMING

On June 19th a Swimming Match was held against Whitgift. Each school entered three teams. Worth went ahead from the start, and won five of the six heats in the free style, four in the breast-stroke, three in the back-stroke. Terence Delany, one of the best divers the school has seen for many years, won the Junior Diving, but in the Senior Diving the Whitgift captain (Cordery) beat the Worth captain (Poett) by one point. Worth also won two of the three free style relays, and would have won the third had not one member of the 2nd VIII touched the bottom of the bath before finishing. The final result was a victory for Worth by 49 points to 24, and the whole match was great fun for both spectators and participants.

The Swimming Sports were held at the end of the term, and Rimmer won the free style of Division I in 25.9 seconds. The Diving Cup was won by Poett, and in the other divisions the two Delanys, Hutton and the two Jillards were the outstanding swimmers. The new 'Diving for Pennies' Challenge Cup produced a marathon between H. Rose and N. Stephens. This is a contest with masks and flippers to see who can bring up most pennies from the bottom of the deep end. Stephens picked up 16 in his first dive, Rose replied with 15; then Stephens got 22, and Rose brought the scores equal with 23. In the final, a week later, Rose started with 23, but Stephens broke the existing record of 24 by getting 28; Rose made a heroic effort to get 32, but Stephens finally won the cup by bringing up 34 out of a possible 36 — a remarkable feat in a single dive.

The bath has been in use since the end of May, and a record number of 205 boys had passed the test by the end of the term. A new spring board was fitted in June. J.D.A.

J. O'DONOVAN



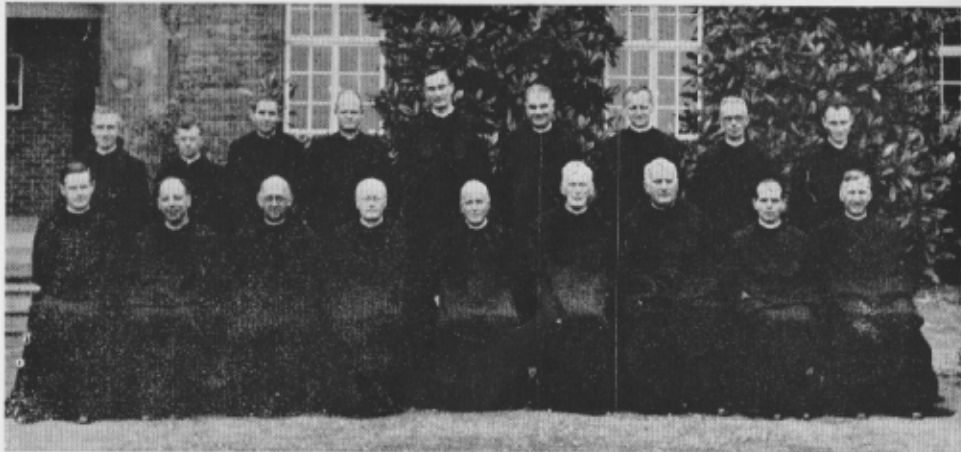
R. W. G. HAYES

AT THE GYMKHANA

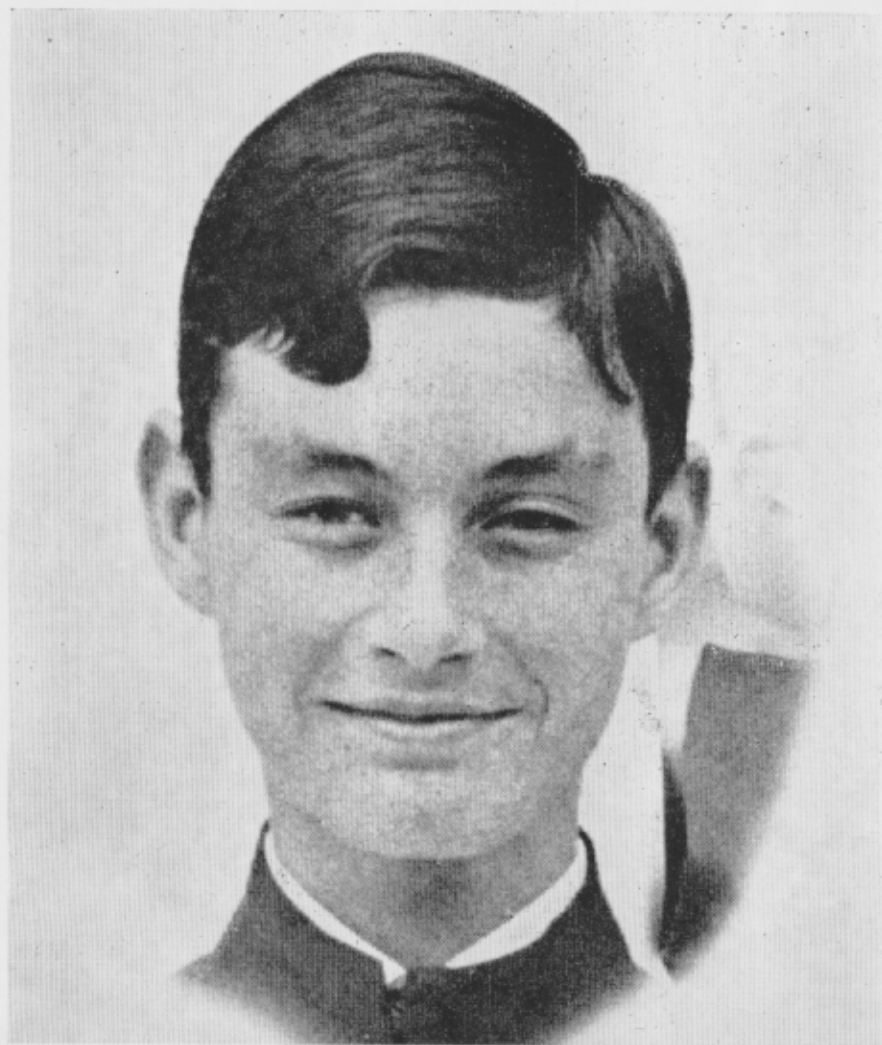


R. H. S. DILLEY





THE WORTH COMMUNITY, 1957



CHRISTOPHER MORTIMER (see p. 267)

## STAMP CLUB LETTER

My dear young Philatelists,

You will remember that we left Julius MocStooge rather in the lurch, sitting down and having a good cry and anxiously expecting the appearance of a kind fairy. Oddly enough, it was no fairy but three enormous volumes of Shakespeare's Plays that suddenly engaged his attention. The man of iron at once dried his eyes, rose up, went to his private cupboard, poured himself out a stiff glass of Edinburgh Rock and gulped it down. His mind became perfectly clear: he was no longer one of our angry young men; he was not even cross. And he knew exactly what course to pursue. Courteously shouting for his housekeeper, he informed her that he had tossed up as to which of them should have the suitcase and that, having won the toss, he had no intention of dividing the contents: if she attempted blackmail she would find that two could play at *that* game. Mrs Loveypet, who did not even know the meaning of blackmail, naturally gave notice at once and left the house, determined to seek the help of a professional burglar.

Left to himself, Julius took out the three volumes, hid the suitcase behind them, replaced the books and surveyed the effect. All seemed well and he retired to read in bed. The only fly in the ointment was that he was just then in the mood for Shakespeare and would now have to fall back on *Paradise Lost*, the title of which had, somehow, an ominous ring about it. He soon fell asleep under the hypnotic influence of blank verse and Gustav Doré's illustrations.

At midnight Mrs Loveypet's friend arrived, disguised as a night watchman, complete with dog and lanthorn. He easily effected an entrance, made his way to MocStooge's study and switched on the lights. An expert in his own profession, he knew exactly where to look for swag. But he was also an expert Shakesperian, and the moment his eyes fell on the three magnificently bound volumes his heart leapt. He had always wanted a good edition of the Plays, and here was his chance! He took out the first volume and fingered it reverently. Then he remembered his mission. What was he to do? He could not possibly carry Shakespeare *and* a suitcase: it must be one or the other. Was ever a night watchman in a more desperate quandary? Had he, like MocStooge, known Greek he might have realised what ghastly thing he was on the horns of. He 'mused awhile in thought.' If he obeyed the promptings of his own higher nature he would choose Shakespeare; if, on the other hand, he followed his client's baser inclinations he would take the suitcase... He shut both eyes, then, taking out vol. II and opening it at random, he laid a forefinger delicately on the top of p. 51. Cautiously opening his eyes he looked for the omen and read 'O hell! what have we here?' This shook him: he was unused to strong language. He shut the book and, unlocking the suitcase, examined the stamp album, handled the diamonds, glanced at the menus. After some minutes of deliberation he re-locked the

suitcase and, with a deep sigh, returned Shakespeare to the book-shelf. Then, gripping the suitcase firmly he left the house, not quite sure whether he had done the right thing or not, and took a taxi home. There, he shaved off his beard and moustachios, disguised himself as an American millionaire and boarded the next plane for the Chicago Underworld.

When MocStooge woke up he went downstairs at once to read the *Merchant of Venice*. Imagine his feelings when he discovered the loss of the precious suitcase! He raved like a man demented; hurled *Paradise Lost* (illustrated) out of the window; sat down and had another good cry. Then he went to his cupboard, calmed himself down with Edinburgh Rock and, in his turn, fell a-musing. It was useless to repine. True the priceless album, the Ventimigliadiavoli diamonds, even the menus — all were gone; but they might yet be recovered. Perhaps they had been left by mistake in train or taxi (this was exactly what had happened). In any case he still had the great Shakespeares. So the man of iron sat down quietly and began to read *Timon of Athens*. After all, he was still in the mood; and it was an unjust world.

No one would have guessed, when, full of Shakespeare, the MocStooge set off that afternoon to conduct the Harmonic-Symphonious Orchestra, that anything had happened to upset his equilibrium: he was not the man to allow a temporary set-back to interfere with a duty which he owed to the nation. Actually — he sometimes forgot himself and said acksherly — he had not a note of music in his head, did not know one from another the notes of the Gamut, recognised Flute or Violin, Trumpet or French Horn or Recorder only by their mysterious shapes, and regarded Time Signatures (rightly, I think) as mere problems in mathematics. But he was always ready to give information on matters musical; he would tell one which were the good tunes, who were the best executants and what was the correct and up-to-date thing in music. As for conducting, he had long ago discovered that it was a perfectly simple art once one got used to it, the secret, as he saw it, being that the competence of orchestral players was such that they never let one down. The only snag was the preliminary tuning-up, which he had once conducted, mistaking it for the first item on the programme: Beethoven's Tenth Symphony. (He explained that he had only been 'limbering-up' the muscles of his conducting arm, and his error was easily allowed to pass since the programme was one of violently modern music).

To get to the point: when the Concert was over and MocStooge could escape from the enthusiasm of the audience he was accosted by a policeman: 'You've dropped your necklace, Sir,' he said kindly, handing the Ventimigliadiavoli diamonds to the famous conductor. MocStooge thanked him politely, wrote out a receipt — he knew that this was no time for tipping — and drove off swiftly in his taxi. Outside his house he paid his fare and was making for the front-door when the driver called him back: 'Don't fergit yer stamp album, Guvnor,' he said, holding up a morocco-bound quarto. MocStooge grabbed the book and sped down

the front-garden path. The front-door opened of itself and he found himself confronted by a plain-clothes man, half-a-dozen Maitres d'Hotel and a representative of the Great Western.

This did really look like the end; and, when our Julius was forthwith arrested on the charge of menu-stealing to a felonious extent, he collapsed and allowed himself to be taken away by the Law. We need not follow him in his progress through the Courts and into the Marshalsea. He was on his beam ends again and all he could do was to solace himself with stamps and diamonds (the only objects overlooked when he was searched by the authorities), having first of all sat down and had a good — but I must say something about the Stamp Album.

It was chock full of stamps of every description and was arranged in utter confusion. Nevertheless, it was easy to distinguish the rare from the commoner stamps by their condition; the rare — especially the very rare — being in a frightful state of dilapidation: halved, quartered, holed, torn, stained and grubbified or all these together. In fact this album solved for me the problem of why rare stamps are so scarce. You may take it from me that ninety per cent of the world's rarities have been destroyed and nine per cent hopelessly ruined; which leaves one per cent undamaged — hence the prices in Gibbons. In other words: our ancestors, no less than their descendants, were terribly careless about the handling of the delicate prints which we call 'stamps' (goodness knows why; since *timbre postale*, *francobollo*, *briefmark*, *sello*, etc., are exactly the same thing abroad). I fear that this state of things, as well as the doings of MocStooge, will be continued until drastic action is taken by somebody.

Your loving little

Diogenes Philatelist.

## PARAGRAPHS

Engagements: K. Wylie (1940-1945) to Miss J. M. Gardner; Flight-Lieutenant H. A. Caillard (1934-1940) to Miss M. A. Crawford; B. E. P. Caillard (1934-1939) to Mlle. C. Montaland; J. C. Mousin-Demetre (1944-1947) to Mlle. M. Rens; Lieutenant E. L. S. Norfolk, R.N. (1941-1944) to Miss Janet Sykes; H. J. Plowden-Wardlaw (1945-1947) to Miss S. P. Chaninig-Pearce; A. W. J. Cottrell (1938-1939) to Miss C. Treharne-Jones; A. J. Symington (1942-1944) to Miss G. M. Darke and T. H. Keen (1940-1945) to Miss P. E. M. Turnbull.

The Strathallan Prize was won last term by John Henderson for his *Fossil Hunt*: In the Summer term by Johan von Knorring for his *Bleak Winter*.

Michael de Navarro has been awarded a Scholarship of £70 to Downside: Colin Cronin and Robert Hayes were given Exhibitions of £40.



These boys made their First Holy Communion on the Feast of Corpus Christi this term: Jason Ambler, Stuart Dicks, John Faure, Andrew Faure, George Higgins, John Molony, Graham Ritchie and David Sanders.

Towards the end of the Lent Term the Worth Dramatic Society presented *The Stations of the Cross in Mime*, a production that has by now, very happily, become an annual event at Worth — a tradition which will, we hope, be kept up. This years' three performances (given on March the 22nd, 23rd and 24th) came fully up to the standard which we have come to expect from boys trained by Mr Johnson; indeed, in the opinion of many, it excelled the best that has yet been staged here. It is unfortunate that, as we go to Press, no detailed account of this deeply moving *Mime* has reached the Editor of the Worth Record.

Sports Day, July 6th, was a great success. The day was piping hot, the events were excellently organised, the athletes were on top of their form. That the standard of achievement was high can be judged from the fact that no fewer than six records were well and truly broken: the Senior High Jump (4ft. 5in.), Long Jump (16ft. 4½in.), 100 yards (11.8 sec.) and 220 yards (26.4 sec.) by R. W. G. Hayes; The Junior 220 yards (29.5 sec.) by B. H. Elkington; the Junior High Jump (3ft. 11in.) by R. H. S. Dilley. The very keen inter-League competition resulted in the Silver League coming first with 63 points, followed by The Blue (47½), the Red (40½) and the Gold (38) Leagues.

To our very great regret, Mr Crossley is leaving Worth to take up a new appointment. For ten years Mr Crossley, as Music Master, has devoted himself to Worth music. He will long be remembered with gratitude by his pupils, many of whom have distinguished themselves at Downside and elsewhere. He will be greatly missed at Worth. We thank him for all he has done and wish him all happiness and success.

Congratulations to the following boys who passed Grade II in the Piano Examinations of the Associated Board of the Royal Schools of Music: R. P. Shaw, J. P. N. Concanon (in March), and R. Brech (July).

The following programme of songs and piano pieces was given on March 25th in the Day Room: *Poor old Joe*: Form 6; *Funiculi funicula*: Forms 5A and B; *Welcome, joy* (Handel) and *Rare Turpin* (tradit.): Form 4C; *Where'er you walk* (Handel) and *We thank Thee, God* (Bach): Forms 4A and B. Piano solos, *Song in the Morning* (T. Dunhill): J. P. N. Concanon; *Minuet in D minor* (Bach): R. P. Shaw; *Study in F* (Loeschorn): N. P. Carter. *Flocks may safely graze* (Bach) and *The Silver Swan* (Gibbons): Forms 3B and C; *Now on Land and Sea* (Handel), *Ave Verum* (Elgar) and *Glory, Laud and Honour* (Bach): The Choir.

At the end of Term a Stamp Club Competition took place. Colonel Vredenburgh, who kindly consented to judge the Collections, awarded the First Prize to J. F. Ahearne; P. D. Byrne, R. V. Taylor and P. A. Thomson gaining the second, third and fourth prizes. A number of entrants received 'Consolation' prizes.

We acknowledge with thanks the receipt of *The Ampleforth Journal*, *The Raven*, *The Priorian*, *The Corbie*, *The Farleigh House Review*, *The Pylon*.

The following review of Dom Thomas' song *The Little Black Boy* may be of interest: 'This song, with words by William Blake, is a re-publication, by J. Curwen and Sons, of a very individual piece of work. 'Individual' is the right word here; for D. Thomas' style and conception are unlike any other composer's. The almost recitative-like style suits the poem exactly: simplicity just has to find its place here, and this quality has not evaded the composer. His music matches the poet's sympathy and no solo-setting of this touching poem could achieve more cohesion than does this notable re-issue. Baritone singers, particularly, should welcome it; their stock repertoire contains little like it and, furthermore, it is so singable.—W.V.'

## INWARDS

The following boys joined the school on April 30th, 1957:

S. F. Gearon, P. R. J. Holberton, J. F. Molony, G. Tate, H. G. Wylie.

## UPWARDS

*Head of the School*: F. J. Lucas.

*School Prefects*: R. W. G. Hayes, D. R. Lysons, J. M. Cook, M. P. K. Bruning, C. D. Cronin, P. E. Giles.

*Dormitory Prefects*: (Ford) A. J. P. S. Mather, R. G. L. Apsion; (Butler) P. J. G. Murphy, P. C. Norton, P. J. Vander, R. J. Rimmer, D. E. Walker; (Chapman) D. Stroud, S. L. Plummer, A. E. Mackay, H. J. von Knorring, H. J. J. Berridge; (Junior) G. C. Grant, Z. K. Zamoyski; (Tower) D. M. P. Barrère, N. Sirkett.

*Captain of Cricket*: D. R. Lysons.

*Captain of Tennis*: C. D. Cronin.

*Captain of Gym*: P. C. Norton.

*Librarian*: D. C. Cronin.

*Assistant Librarians*: H. J. J. Berridge, R. V. Taylor, H. R. Walford, M. A. de Navarro, H. J. von Knorring, I. S. P. Stevens.

*Leaders of the Choir*: P. C. Norton and H. R. Walford.

*Masters of Ceremonies*: M. P. K. Bruning and D. R. Lysons.

*Thurifers*: A. J. P. S. Mather and R. W. G. Hayes.

*Acolytes*: H. J. J. Berridge, J. M. Cook, P. E. Giles, N. J. Hutton.

## REWARDS

The following boys were top of their forms in the Lent Term:

H. R. Walford (1A), J. M. Finn (1B), J. F. Dillon (1C), M. F. Thomas (2A), T. A. Cummins (2B), P. M. H. C. Richey (2C), M. I. Paterson (3A), D. J. M. Hall (3B), C. G. H. Mann (3C), D. M. Savill (4A), P. C. Lamont (4B), L. O. S. Medlam (4C), M. R. Whinney (5A), P. S. Dicks (5B), P. J. M. Kaufeler (6).

## OUTWARDS

The following boys left the School in April, 1957:  
N. J. M. J. C. Branden de Reeth, J. M. Finn, B. M. Little.

*Highley Manor, situated in Balcombe Forest, only two miles from Worth Priory, is now open as a Residential Hotel. This enables the management to cater for the Parents and Boys of Worth Preparatory School to a greater extent than in the past, and, as always, they are especially welcomed visitors to Highley Manor.*

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## SCHOOL STAFF

JULY, 1957

Dom Maurice Bell, M.A. (Oxon.), *Headmaster*  
Dom Thomas Symons, A.R.C.O., *Organist*  
Dom Theodore James, M.A. (Cantab.), *House Master of the Junior House*  
Dom Denis Agius, M.A. (Cantab.), *House Master of Chapman*  
Dom Aldhelm Dean, *Choir Master*  
Dom Jerome Tomlins, *Games Master*  
Dom Bruno Grogan  
Dom Edward Cruise, M.A. (Cantab.), *House Master of Ford*  
Dom Michael Smith, M.A. (Oxon.), *Master of Ceremonies*  
Dom Peter Beazley, *Physical Training*  
Dom Roger Bacon, *House Master of the Tower House*  
Dom Fabian Glencross, B.A. (Cantab.)  
Dom Benedict Sankey, M.A. (Cantab.)  
Dom Hugh O'Neill, M.B.E., M.A. (Oxon.), *House Master of Butler*  
Dom Philip Jebb  
M. A. Johnson, M.A. (Cantab.)  
G. W. Crossley, L.R.A.M., A.L.A.M., *Music Master*  
P. G. Whigham  
Lt.-Colonel H. Vredenburg  
S. J. Bostock, M.A. (Cantab.)  
E. C. Beagley, A.R.C.M.  
P. J. Foley  
D. S. Gildea  
M. L. Keane, B.A. (Cantab.)  
Miss G. Garnaud  
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